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"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Causes *of the* Overthrow *of the* Spanish Monarchy. *By the Rev.* Joseph Townsend, *M. A. Author of Travels in Spain.*

THE events which have recently occurred in Spain have excited universal astonishment. Every one is solicitous to trace their progress, and to ascertain the cause, which has produced them. A mighty empire overthrown in the space of a few days, and the reigning family carried captive by foreigners without resistance from the natives, are such events as are unparalleled in history.

What cause then can be assigned which is adequate to such effects? The cause is obvious:—bad government. This has ruined, in succession, all the mighty empires which have existed in the world, and will continue to do so till the end of time.

When a territory of contracted limits has been overrun by some powerful nation: this implies merely a physical inability to defend itself.—But when a widely extended country, well peopled, has been suddenly subdued, we have always been able to trace this ruin to its proper cause—bad government.

In Spain a former generation saw the country in the space of three years conquered by the Moors. It was at that time ill governed, disheartened, and disarmed: but, as the new comers governed well, it required more than seven hundred years of almost incessant war to drive them out. There can be no doubt, therefore, that to bad government we must ascribe this recent revolution.

The next question which occurs to be resolved is, how Spain came to be worse governed than the surrounding kingdoms.

This subject requires some retrospect, some short investigation.

When the intolerable abuses of the feudal system, oppressive at once to subjects and to sovereigns, required reformation, the sagacity of statesmen led them to different expedients for relief. In one point they all agreed: they humbled the proud vassals of the crown, but suffered the power of the people to increase. Such was the policy of Henry VII, of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Ximenes, and of Richelieu. Thus far all was well. But whilst in England our Parliaments maintained their power, such national assemblies were laid aside in France and Spain. Indeed France retained her provincial Parliaments, but these formed a feeble barrier against the encroachments of the crown. In Spain, from the days of Charles V, the Cortes were never suffered to assemble, excepting only once at the commencement of a reign, to proclaim the title of the successor to the throne.

One additional cause of bad government was found in Spain.

When the reigning family was changed, and Louis XIV. forced his grandson upon a reluctant people, the Bourbon family thought it expedient to assemble the Grandees round the throne, where, in fact, they were prisoners of state. Thus assembled, and divested of all power, they quickly degenerated and became perfectly useless to the state.

All these circumstances have been noticed in my Spanish travels.—Whilst Charles III. was living, the government, it must be confessed, was weak, but it was not oppressive His understanding was such as to guide him well in the choice of his

ministers, and every one was satisfied of his benevolent intentions. His successor was not so highly favoured. Of his heart I can say nothing, but every thing demonstrates the deficiency of his intellectual powers. Whilst I resided at Madrid, I went every day to court, and, solicitous to form some judgment of the destined successor to the throne, I constantly attended in the circle; where he conversed with his friends and the foreign ministers after dinner. Here it was not possible to mistake his character in point of understanding. His education and his habits had no tendency to remedy this defect; for the greatest part of his time was spent in the diversions of the field, and none appeared to have been allotted to the improvements of the mind.

When he returned from hunting, and when the weather prevented his sport, his occupations were such only as were suited to infancy.

After his accession to the crown his principal amusement in the depth of winter, at Madrid, was a *Nacimiento*, or representation of the Nativity. For this purpose, in a salooon of three hundred and sixty feet long were seen a mountain, rocks, cascades, and verdant groves, Jerusalem and Babylon, a sea coast and ships, numerous images of angels, wise men, and shepherds, with the Virgin and the infant Jesus. all curiously wrought by the best artists of Italy and Spain. These were richly clad in modern style. The jewels of gold, silver, pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, with which he adorned these figures, were of inestimable value, and the camels attendant on the wise men were loaded with treasures.

The whole of this saloon was lighted by hundreds of lamps, concealed from the spectators.

During the twelve days of Christmas the king always spent his nights in this saloon. And here the Grandees, ambassadors, ministers of state, and persons of distinction, were admitted to pay their compliments, each vying with the other in expressions of admiration at the wonders of his *Nacimiento*.

The principal artist was obliged every year to exhibit the powers of his imagination by some new plan.

When I was at Madrid I had the honour of being introduced to Sabatini, a distinguished architect, whose merit had been little noticed by the court; but this man, in the succeeding reign, having had the good fortune to give satisfaction to the sovereign, by the construction of a saloon for his *Nacimiento*, as a reward for his ingenuity he was made an admiral.

It must not, however, be imagined that Sabatini was to have the command of fleets upon the ocean. No: he was to be one of the admirals who commanded the little fleet upon the Tagus, with which the king amused himself during his vernal residence at Aranjuez.

From good authority I am informed that more than 30,000*l.* was every year expended on this childish plaything of the king.

Whilst *he* thus amused himself the cares of government devolved wholly on the queen, who immediately on his accession to the throne took her seat in council by his side, attended whenever the ministers were admitted to an audience, and prior to their admission was informed of the business on which they came.

As long as Florida Blanca retained his power, his whole attention was directed to the well being of the state. His virtue was rigid, his fidelity inflexible. Intent on the improvement of the country, he allotted great sums to canals and roads; but not finding the public revenue adequate to the demand for these important works, he suggested to the king that, for the public good, other expedients should be resorted to; and when the dutchy of Alcudia escheated to the crown, he advised that the rents should be applied to expedite the finishing of the great canals.

His wise purposes were, however, frustrated, and this high dignity with its emoluments were given to a favourite of the court.

When I was in Spain this favourite was perfectly unknown. But soon after the death of the good old king, when a young Spaniard, a very intimate friend of mine, was about to visit England, and had taken leave of the royal family, his father, well acquainted with the secrets of the

court, inquired of him if he had called on Manuel Godoy. No. Go then immediately, and ask for his protection. My friend obeyed the mandate of his father, and was most graciously received. This handsome young Garde du Corps was at dinner with some of the Grandees, who doubtless foresaw his future greatness.

The house was his own, magnificently furnished, and the room in which he dined was decorated with the most elegant and costly trinkets. For some years this favourite of fortune was concealed from public view; he had shone hitherto in the small circle of his friends. But now the time arrived when, by his sudden elevation, he was to attract the notice of the world. When Florida Blanca had requested that the revenues of the dutchy of Alcudia should be reserved for national improvements, he found himself thwarted in his purposes, and lamented to hear that this extensive territory was destined for a *Garde de Corps*, attendant on the queen, who was to be created a Grandee of Spain.

This he strenuously opposed in council, as illegal, and for a time prevailed. But finally, in spite of his remonstrances, the grant took place. To vindicate these grants the Count de la Canada was employed, who had no difficulty in proving to the satisfaction of the court, that the family of Godoy was most illustrious, and, as such, justly entitled to the Grandeeship in Spain. For this service he was created governor of the council of Castille, and thus the way was made plain for the triumph of the favourite. In the mean time the people openly expressed their dissatisfaction; and on the 26th Feb. 1792, at night, the mob marked their indignation by attacking the house of the Guarde de Corps, which they are said to have totally demolished.

The next day, at two o'clock in the morning, Count Florida Blanca received orders to depart immediately from Madrid, and to retire within the precincts of his own estate. He was, however, permitted, at his particular request, to take up his abode in a convent of monks at Ellin, a small village in Murcia, where he remained four months, at the end of which term he was conveyed as a state prisoner to the castle of Pampeluna.

Thus every obstacle having been removed, Manuel Godoy was created a Grandee of the first class, and Duke de la Alcudia, with a territory of about twenty thousand a year to support his dignity. It was not thought expedient to make him the immediate successor to so intelligent a minister as Florida Bianca. Count d'Aranda was therefore recalled from Paris, where he had been some years in honourable banishment as ambassador from the court of Spain.

On his elevation to this office of high dignity and power, his sagacity soon discovered that he was only *locum temens* to another; and that other he endeavoured to remove.—He took occasion, therefore, to extol the superior talents of his rival, lamented the disadvantages he had laboured under in his youth, and recommended that he should travel for some years in Europe, after which he would return with such a stock of political wisdom as might qualify him for the highest employments in the state. The confidential friends of the young man were too much practised in the intrigues of courtiers to let him fall into this snare. Count d'Aranda was dismissed, and the Duke of Alcudia became prime minister. Splendid honours were heaped upon his head, and every power of the state was put into his hands. He became *Sargento Mayor*, that is inspector of the Body Guard, chamberlain and private secretary to the queen, commander in chief of all the forces, &c. From royal munificence he received coaches, horses, and jewels, of inestimable value; and whenever the king had a child born to him, the Duke of Alcudia received some fresh token of his regard.

On one occasion, when the accoucheur had delivered the queen, and was retiring, he saw displayed upon a table a quantity of gold, which filled him with astonishment, because he could scarcely conceive that such a recompence was designed for him. In fact it was not designed for him, but for the favourite, that he might participate in his sovereign's joy on this occasion. The sum was 80,000 ducats. At one of these seasons the

Duke received the Cortijo, or royal farm, near Aranjuez, which I have particularly described in my travels, and which cost the old king more than 200.000*l*. At the same time to this was added the best encomienda of Santiago, which required a vow of perpetual celibacy and chastity. Such gifts as these excited indignation, and the enraged multitude expressed the general sentiment in the subsequent placard, which was found on the walls of the palace at Madrid:—

Si la Reyna tiene otro parto
Se queda sin corona Carlos quarto.

Should the queen have another son, Charles IV. will remain without a crown. This indignation and disgust was not confined within the narrow limits of Madrid.

Whilst the Duke of Alcudia displayed his omnipotence at court, every department in the state was occupied by some one of his creatures, whose chief recommendation was attachment to his person.

[*To be continued.*]

Schiller *on the* Tragic Art.

[*Continued from p.* 80.]

THE former observations are sufficient to draw our attention to the sources of the pleasure which emotion in itself, and especially the mournful, imparts to us. It is greater, as we have observed, in moral minds, and acts with greater force in proportion as the mind is independent of the selfish impulse. It is further more lively and strong in mournful emotions, in which self-love is wounded, than in happy emotions, which presupposes a satisfaction of self-love. But we are acquainted with only two sources of pleasure, the satisfaction of the impulse for happiness and the fulfilment of moral laws. If it have been therefore proved, that an enjoyment did not spring from the first source, it must necessarily take its origin from the second. From our moral nature therefore the pleasure arises by which painful affections delight us in the participation, and in certain cases are attended with agreeable emotions, even if the feelings be individual and original.

Various attempts have been made to define the pleasure of pity, but the most trifling definitions might appear satisfactory, as the foundation of the phenomenon is rather sought for in the attendant circumstances than in the nature of the emotion. To many the pleasure of pity is nothing more than the soul's enjoyment of its sensibility; to others, the pleasure in powers strongly exerted; others induce its origin from the discovery of characteristical traits morally beautiful, which display themselves in the struggle with misfortune and passion. It still, however, remains undefined, why the pain itself, or the individual suffering, attracts us the most powerfully in objects of pity, as, according to those definitions, a weaker degree of suffering must be manifestly more favourable to the already mentioned causes of our pleasure in the emotion. The vivacity and strength of the ideas awakened in our soul the moral excellence of the suffering persons; the retrospect of the compassioning subject to itself can indeed elevate the pleasure of emotions, but they are not the cause from which it springs. The suffering of an enervated soul, the pain of a villain, do not indeed grant us that enjoyment; but it is not to be accounted for, because our compassion is not excited in the same degree as with the suffering hero, or the virtuous man struggling under difficulties. We therefore always return to the prior question,—Why the degree of the suffering just determines the degree of the sympathetic pleasure in an emotion? and it can be answered in no other manner, than the attack on our sensuality is the condition by which that power of the mind is roused, the agency of which produces that enjoyment in sympathetic sufferings.

This power now is no other than reason; and in proportion as the free efficiency of it, as an absolute self agent, deserves in preference the appellation of action, in proportion as the mind feels itself perfectly independent and free in its moral actions; so is certainly the satisfied impulse of action the origin of the pleasure arising from mournful emotions. But also it is not the number, nor the vivacity of the ideas, nor in general

the efficiency of the power of desire; but it is a determined species of the first, and a determined efficiency of the latter, produced by reason, on which that pleasure is founded.

The sympathetic affection bestows on us therefore a degree of delight, because it satisfies our impulse to action; the mournful affection produces that effect in a higher degree, because it satisfies this impulse in a still higher degree. It is only in the state of its perfect freedom, only in the consciousness of its rational nature, that the mind displays its greatest activity, as it in that condition alone employs a power which is superior to all opposition. That state of the mind, therefore, which brings this power to its birth, which awakens this higher activity, is the most conducive to the arms of a rational being, and the most satisfactory to the impulse for action; it must therefore be connected with a particular degree of pleasure. The mournful emotion places us in that situation, and the pleasure of it must surpass the pleasure of joyous emotions in the same degree as the moral power is elevated in us above the sensual.

What is in the whole system of designs merely a subordinate member, art can separate it from this connection and view it as a chief design. For nature, pleasure may be only a mediate design; for art, it is in the highest. It therefore principally belongs to the design of the latter, not to neglect the great enjoyment which is contained in mournful emotions. That art, however, which makes the pleasure of pity its principal art, is called in the most general sense the tragic art.

The art fulfills its aim by imitation of nature, when it fulfills the conditions under which pleasure, in the reality, is possible, and unites the dispersed forms of nature to this aim, according to an intelligent plan, in order to attain to that as the final aim, which nature made only her secondary aim. The tragic art will therefore imitate nature in those actions which are most able to awaken the compassionate emotion.

In order to prescribe to the tragic art its conduct in general, it is, above all, necessary to know the conditions under which, according to common experience, the pleasure of emotion is accustomed to be excited in the strongest and most certain manner, but at the same time to be attentive to those circumstances which confine or even destroy it.

Experience presents to us two opposite causes which impede the pleasure arising from emotions, when compassion is either too weakly or so strongly excited, that the sympathetic affection resolves itself into the vivacity of an original one. On the other hand, it can rest on the weakness of the impression, which we receive of the original sufferings; in which case we say, that our heart remains cold, alive neither to pain nor pleasure, or it rests on stronger feelings, which oppose the impression received, and, by their superiority, weaken or wholly destroy the pleasure of compassion in the mind.

When the sorrow for a misfortune becomes too strong, our compassion for him who suffers it is weakened. Two wholly different feelings cannot exist at the same time in the mind in an high degree. The displeasure at the author of the evil becomes the reigning emotion, and every other feeling must yield to it. Thus our sympathy is always weakened, when the unfortunate person who attempts to excite our compassion, from his own unpardonable guilt, has plunged himself in ruin, or from weakness of understanding and cowardice knew not how to extricate himself from it, even when it was in his power. Our sympathy with the unfortunate Lear, so maltreated by his ungrateful daughters, is not a little diminished by the senseless manner in which he resigned his crown, and distributed his love so foolishly amongst his daughters. In the tragedy of Olint and Sophronea, even the most terrible sufferings to which we see these two martyrs of their faith exposed, can but weakly excite our compassion; nor their sublime heroism our wonder, as insanity alone can commit the act by which Olint draws himself and his whole people to the brink of destruction.

Our compassion will not be less weakened when the author of a misfortune, whose guilty victim we are to compassionate, fills our soul with

horror. It will always injure the perfection of his work, when the tragic poet cannot bring about his end without a villain, and when he is obliged to draw the greatness of the sufferings from the greatness of the villainy.—Shakspeare's Iago and Lady Macbeth, Cleopatra in Roxalana, Francis Moor in the Robbers, are proofs of that truth. A poet, who understands his true interest, will not cause the misfortune to spring from a degenerate will, whose sole view is misfortune, and much, still less, from a deficiency of the understanding, but from the real force of circumstances. If these do not spring from immoral sources, but from exterior things which have no will, nor are subject to any will, the compassion is more pure, and is not weakened at least by any representation of moral inconsistency. But then the beholder cannot be relieved from the disagreeable feeling of an inconsistency in nature, which, in this case, can alone save the moral consistency. Compassion rises to a still higher degree, when he who suffers, as well as he who caused the sufferings, are the objects of it. But this can only happen when the latter excites neither our hatred nor contempt, but is brought to be the author of the misfortune against his inclination. Thus it is a principal beauty in the German Iphigenia, that the Taurian king, the only one who opposes the wishes of Orestes and his sister, never loses our esteem, and in the end claims our love.

This species of emotion is still surpassed by that, when the cause of the misfortune is not only favourable to morality, but is only possible by morality, and in which the mutual sufferings arise from the idea of having been the cause of sufferings. Of this kind is the situation of Chimenes, and Roderic in the Cid of Peter Corneille, which, without dispute, in regard to the *denouement*, is the master piece of the tragic art. Love of honour and filial duty arm the hand of Roderic against the father of his beloved, and bravery gives him the victory.—Love of honour and filial duty converts Chimenes, the daughter of the vanquished, into his most bitter accuser and prosecutor. Both act against the inclination of their hearts, both gain our highest esteem, as they fulfil a moral duty at the expense of their affection; both excite our compassion to the highest, as they suffer willingly and from a motive which makes them estimable in the highest degree. In this case our compassion is so little disturbed by disagreeable feelings, that it rather burns with a greater force. It is merely the impossibility of combining the idea of misfortune with the highest claim to happiness, which could dim our sympathetic pleasure by a cloud of sorrow.

R. H.

[*To be continued.*]

On the IMPROPRIETY *of not using the Letter "K" to certain Words.*

SIR,

HAVING observed in your last number some remarks on the above subject by "Philo," I beg leave to submit to you and to your readers some additional remarks on the same subject.

I admit with Philo the impropriety of not using a letter which cannot be discarded from our language without considerable inconvenience and irregularity: but I think it important to suggest a *new* improvement, which, if generally adopted, would set the controversy at rest for ever respecting the long disputed claims of *c* and *k*. The absurdity, in my opinion, has always been that of shewing an undue partiality to the letter *c*; so that at one time our writers have inserted it before *k* unnecessarily, as in the old form of *drincke, thincke, marckes, remarckes*, &c. &c.; at other times, as at present, and for some time past, they seem to have thought the circular form of *c* more elegant than that of the angular letter *k*, and therefore to have adopted it with all the haste and levity of fashion and caprice, to the exclusion of the much injured *k*. Now, as I am an advocate for brevity and economy in speaking, writing, and printing, and see no reason for using *two* or more consonants when *one* will answer the purpose, I would, with your leave, Mr. Editor, suggest the substitution of *k instead* of *c* in such words as *publik, traffik*, and even *Garrik, Merrik, Warwik, Limerik, Wood-*

stok, Tavistok, &c. No inconvenience or irregularity, I presume, could arise from this practice in writing the derivatives after the same manner—as *traffiking,* &c. and we should have not only *ancient* authority in our own language, for this distinction between the soft consonant *c* and the hard *k*, but also the *present* authority of the *Swedish* language, in which a greater progress appears to have been made in the refinement and regulation of orthography, than in any other language of modern Europe.

I have suggested these remarks, Mr. Editor, chiefly, because there are too many persons who think, with your correspondent "*Philo*," that from Dr. Johnson's decisions there seldom lies an appeal!—If so, adieu to all improvement, and let us become voluntary slaves to the authority of ONE GREAT NAME!

Yours, &c.

PHILELEUTHEROS.

Chapter Coffee-House,
Aug. 11, 1809.

THE LONG PACK. *A Tale. By the Ettrick Shepherd*

IN the year 1723, Colonel Ridley returned from India, with what in those days was counted an immense fortune, and retired to a country seat on the banks of North Tyne, in Northumberland. The house was rebuilt, and furnished with every thing elegant and costly; and amongst others, a service of plate supposed to be worth 1000*l*. He went to London annually with his family, during a few of the winter months, and at these times there were but few left at his country house. At the time we treat of there were only three domestics remained there; a maid servant, whose name was Alice, kept the house, and two men, who threshed the corn and took care of some cattle, for the two ploughmen were boarded in houses of their own.

One afternoon as Alice was sitttng spinning some yarn for a pair of stockings, to herself, a pedlar entered the hall with a comical pack on his back. Alice had seen as long a pack, and as broad a pack; but a pack equally as long, broad, and thick, she declared she never saw. It was about the middle of winter, when the days were short, and the nights cold, long, and wearisome. The pedlar was a handsome well-dressed man, and very likely to be an agreeable companion for such a maid as Alice, on such a night as that; yet Alice declared, that from the very beginning she did not like him greatly, and though he introduced himself with a little ribaldry, and a great deal of flattery interlarded, yet when he came to ask a night's lodging, he met with a peremptory refusal; he jested on the subject, said he believed she was in the right, for that it would be impossible for him to keep his own bed, and such a sweet creature lying alone under the same roof—took her on his knee, and ravished a kiss.—: but all would not do. "No, she would not consent to his staying there." "But are you really going to put me away to-night?" "Yes." "Indeed, my dear girl, you must not be so unreasonable; I am come straight from Newcastle, where I have been purchasing a fresh stock of goods, which are so heavy that I cannot travel far with them, and as the people around are all of the poorer sort, I will rather make you a present of the greatest shawl in my pack before I go further." At the mentioning of the shawl, the picture of deliberation was pourtrayed in lively colours in Alice's face for a little; but her prudence overcame. "No, she was but a servant, and had orders to harbour no person about the house but such as came on business, nor they either, unless well acquainted with them." "What the worse can either your master, or you, or any other person, be, of suffering me to tarry until the morning?" "I intreat you do not insist, for here you cannot be." "But, indeed, I am not able to carry my goods further to-night." "Then you must leave them, or get a horse to carry them away." "Of all the inflexible beings ever I saw, thou art the first! But I cannot blame you, your resolution is just and right. Well, well, since no better may be, I must leave them, and go search for lodgings myself somewhere else, for, fatigued as I am, it is as much as my life is worth to endeavour carrying them further."

Alice was rather taken at her word: she wanted nothing to do with his goods: the man was displeased at her, and might accuse her of stealing some of them; but it was an alternative she had proposed, and against which she could start no plausible objection, so she rather reluctantly consented. "But the pack will be better out of your way," said he, "and safer, if you will be so kind as lock it bye in some room or closet." She then led him into a low parlour, where he placed it carefully on two chairs, and went his way, wishing Alice a good night.

When Alice and the pack were left in the large house by themselves, she could not, for her life, quit thinking of the pack one moment. What was in it which made it so heavy that its owner could not carry it? She would go and see what was in it. It was a very curious pack. At least she would go and handle it, and see what she *thought* was in it. She went into the parlour—opened a wall-press: she wanted nothing in the press: she never so much as looked into it: her eyes were fixed on the pack. "It was a very queer pack—it was square the one way, but not square the other way—it was a monstrous queer pack." It was now wearing late. She returned from the room in a sort of trepidation—sat down to her wheel, but could not spin one thread. "It *is* a droll pack yon! What made the man so very earnest with me to tarry all night? Never was man so importunate. What in the world has he got in it? It's a confounded queer pack after all: it's so long and so thick. It's a *terrible* queer pack."

What surmises will fear not give rise to in the mind of a woman! She lighted a moulded candle, and went again into the parlour, closed the window shutters, and barred them; but before she came out, she set herself upright, held in her breath, and took another steady and scrutinizing look of the pack. God of mercy! She saw it moving as visibly as ever she saw any thing in her life. Every hair on her head stood upright. Every inch of flesh on her body crept like a nest of pigmires. She hasted into the kitchen as fast as she could, for her knees bent under the load of terror that had overwhelmed the heart of poor Alice. She puffed out the candle, lighted it again, and, not being able to find a candlestick, though a dozen stood on the shelf in the fore kitchen, she set it in a water-jug, and ran out to the barn for old Richard. "Oh, Richard! Oh, for mercy, Richard, make haste, and come into the house. Come away, Richard." "Why, what is the matter, Alice? What is wrong?" "Oh, Richard! a pedlar came into the hall, intreating for lodging. Well, I would not let him stay on any account, and behold he is gone off and left his pack." "And what is the great matter in that," said Richard. "I will wager a penny he will look after it before it shall look after him." "But, Oh, Richard, I tremble to tell you! We are all gone, for it is a living pack." "A living pack," said Richard, staring at Alice, and letting his chops fall down. Richard had just lifted the flail over his head to begin threshing a sheaf; but when he heard of a living pack, he dropped one end of the hand-staff to the floor, and, leaning on the other, took such a look at Alice. He knew long before that Alice was beautiful—he knew that ten years before, but he never took such a look at her in his life. "A living pack!" said Richard. "Why the woman is mad without all doubts." "Oh, Richard! come away. Heaven knows what is in it! but I saw it moving as plainly as I see you at present. Make haste and come away, Richard." Richard did not stand to expostulate any longer, nor even to put on his coat, but followed Alice into the house, assuring her by the way, that it was nothing but a whim, and of a piece with many of her phantages. "But," added he, "of all the foolish ideas that ever possessed my brain, this is the most unfeasible, and unnatural, and impossible. How can a pack, made of napkins, and muslins, and corduroy breeches, perhaps, ever become alive? It is even worse than to suppose a horse's hair will turn an eel." So saying, he lifted the candle out of the jug, and, turning about, never stopped till he had his hand upon the pack. He felt the bales that surrounded its edges to prevent

the goods being rumpled and spoiled, by carrying the cords that bound it, and the canvass in which it was wrapped. The pack was well enough. He found nought about it that other packs wanted. It was just like other packs made up of the same stuff. He saw nought that ailed it. And a good large pack it was. It would cost the honest man 200*l.* if not more. It would cost him more; but he would make it all up again by cheating fools, like Alice, with his gewgaws." Alice testified some little disappointment at seeing Richard unconvinced, even by ocular proof. She wished she had never seen either him or it howsomever, for she was convinced there was something mysterious about it; that they were stolen goods, or something that way; and she was terrified to stay in the house with it. But Richard assured her the pack was right enough.

During this conversation in comes Edward. He was a lad about 16 years of age, son to a coal-driver on the border—was possessed of a good deal of humour and ingenuity, but somewhat roguish, forward, and commonly very ragged in his apparel. He was about this time wholly intent on shooting the crows and birds, of various kinds, that alighted in whole flocks where he foddered the cattle. He had bought a huge old military gun, which he denominated Copenhagen, and was continually thundering away at them. He seldom killed any, if ever, but he once or twice knocked off a few feathers, and, after much narrow inspection, discovered some drops of blood on the snow. He was at this very moment come in a great haste for Copenhagen, having seen a glorious chance of sparrows, and a Robin-red-breast, among them, feeding on the site of a corn rick, but hearing them talk of something mysterious, and a living pack, he pricked up his ears, and became all attention. "Faith, Alice," said he, "if you will let me I'll shoot it." "Hold your peace, fool," said Richard. Edward took the candle from Richard, who still held it in his hand, and gliding down the passage, edged up the parlour door, and watched the pack attentively for about two minutes. He then came back with a spring, and with looks very different from those which regulated his features as he went down. As sure as he had death to meet with he saw it stirring. "Hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. Edward swore again that he saw it stirring; but whether he really thought so, or only said so, is hard to determine. "Faith, Alice," said he again, "if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "I tell you to hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. "No," said Edward, "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety; and I will maintain this to be our safest plan. Our master's house is confided to our care, and the wealth that it contains may tempt some people to use stratagems. Now, if we open up this man's pack, he may pursue us for damages to any amount, but if I shoot at it, what amends can he get of me? If there is any thing that should not be there, Lord how I will pepper it, and if it is lawful goods, he can only make me pay for the few that are damaged, which I will get at valuation; so, if none of you will acquiesce, I will take all the blame myself, and ware a shot on it." Richard said, whatever was the consequence he would be blameless. A half delirious smile rather distorted than beautified Alice's pretty face; but Edward took it for an assent to what he had been advancing, so snatching up Copenhagen in one hand, and the candle in the other, he hasted down the passage, and without hesitating a moment, fired at the pack. Gracious God! the blood gushed out upon the floor like a torrent, and a hideous roar, followed by the groans of death, issued from the pack. Edward dropped Copenhagen upon the ground, and ran into the kitchen like one distracted. The kitchen was darkish, for he had left the candle in the parlour; so taking to the door without being able to utter a word, he ran to the hills like a wild roe, looking over each shoulder as fast as he could turn his head from the one to the other. Alice followed as fast as she could, but lost half the way of Edward. She was all the way sighing and crying most pitifully. Old Richard stood for a short space rather in a state of petrefaction, but at length, after some

hasty ejaculations, he went into the parlour. The whole floor flowed with blood. The pack had thrown itself on the ground; but the groans and cries were ceased, and only a kind of guttural noise was heard from it. Knowing that then something must be done, he ran after his companions, and called on them to come back. Though Edward had escaped a good way, and was still persevering on, yet, as he never took long time to consider of the utility of any thing, but acted from immediate impulse, he turned and came as fast back as he had gone away. Alice also came homeward, but more slowly, and crying even more bitterly than before. Edward overtook her, and was holding on his course; but, as he passed, she turned away her face, and called him a murderer. At the sound of this epithet, Edward made a dead pause, and looked at Alice with a face much longer than it used to be. He drew in his breath twice, as if going to speak; but he only swallowed his spittle, and held his peace.

They were soon all three in the parlour, and, in no little terror and agitation of mind, loosed the pack, the principal commodity of which was a stout young man, whom Edward had shot through the heart, and thus bereaved of existence in a few minutes. To paint the feelings, or even the appearance of young Edward, during this scene, is impossible: he acted little, spoke less, and appeared in a hopeless stupor: the most of his employment consisted in swallowing his spittle, and staring at his two companions.

It is most generally believed, that when Edward fired at the pack, he had not the most distant idea of shooting a man; but seeing Alice so jealous of it, he thought the Colonel would approve of his intrepidity, and protect him from being wronged by the pedlar; and, besides, he had never got a chance of a shot at such a large thing in his life, and was curious to see how many folds of the pedlar's fine haberdashery ware Copenhagen would drive the drops through, so that when the stream of blood burst from the pack, accompanied with the dying groans of a human being, Edward was certainly taken by surprize, and quite confounded; he indeed asserted, as long as he lived, that he saw something stirring in the pack, but his eagerness to shoot, and his terror on seeing what he had done, which was no more than what he might have expected, had he been certain he saw the pack moving, makes this asseveration rather doubtful. They made all possible expedition in extricating him, intending to call medical assistance, but it was too late, the vital spark was gone for ever. "Alas," said old Richard, heaving a deep sigh, "poor man, 'tis all over with him! I wish he had lived a little longer to have repented of this, for he has surely died in a bad cause. Poor man! he was *somebody*'s son, and, no doubt, dear to them, and nobody can tell how small a crime this hath, by a regular gradation, become the fruits of." Richard came twice across his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt, for he still wanted the coat: a thought of a tender nature shot through his heart. "Alas," said he, "if his parents are alive, how will their hearts bear this, poor things!" said Richard, weeping outright. "Poor things! God pity them."

The way that he was packed up was artful and curious. His knees were brought up parallel to his navel, and his feet and legs stuffed in a hat-box, another hat-box, a size larger, and wanting the bottom, made up the vacancy betwixt his face and knees, and there being only one fold of canvass around this, he breathed with the greatest freedom; but it had undoubtedly been the heaving of his breast which had caused the movement noticed by the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself from his confinement at once. There were also four loaded pistols secreted with him, and a silver wind-call. On coming to the pistols and cutlass, "Villain," said old Richard, "see what he has here. But I should not call him a villain," said he again, softening his tone, "for he is now gone to answer at that bar where no false witness, nor loquacious orator, can bias the justice of the sentence pronounced on

him. He is now in the true world, and I am in the false one. *We* can judge only from appearances, but thanks to our kind maker and preserver that he was discovered, else it *is probable* that none of us would have seen the light of a new day." These moral reflections from the mouth of old Richard, by degrees raised the spirits of Edward: he was bewildered in uncertainty, and had undoubtedly given himself up for lost; but he now began to discover that he had done a meritorious and manful action, and, for the first time since he had fired the fatal shot, ventured to speak. "Faith, it was lucky that I shot," said Edward; but none of his companions answered either good or bad. Alice, though rather grown desperate, behaved and assisted better at this bloody affair than might have been expected. Edward surveyed the pistols all round, two of which were curious workmanship. "But what do you think he was going to do with all these?" said Edward. "I think you need not ask that," Richard answered. "Faith, it was a mercy that I shot, after all," said Edward, "for if we *had* loosed him out, we would have been all dead in a minute. I have given him a devil of a broadside, though. But look ye, Richard, providence has directed me to the right spot, for I might as readily have lodged the contents of Copenhagen in one of these empty boxes." "It has been a deep laid scheme," said Richard, "to murder us and rob our master's house: there must certainly be more concerned in it than these two."

Ideas beget ideas often quite different, and then others again in unspeakable gradation, which run through, and shift in the mind with as much ease and velocity as the streamers around the pole in a frosty night. On Richard's mentioning more concerned, Edward instantaneously thought of a gang of thieves by night. What devastation he would work amongst them with Copenhagen: how he would make some to lie with their guts in their arms, blow the nether jaws from one, and scatter the brains of another: how Alice would scream, and Richard would pray, and every thing would go on like the work of a wind mill. Oh, if he had nothing to do but to shoot! but the plaguy long time he always lost in loading, would subject him to a triple disadvantage in the battle. This immediately suggested the necessity of having assistance, two or three others to shoot and keep them at bay while he was loading. The impulse of the moment was Edward's monitor. Off he ran like fire, and warned a few of the colonel's retainers, whom he knew kept guns about them; these again warned others, and at eight o'clock they had 25 men in the house, and 16 loaded pieces, including Copenhagen, and the four pistols found on the deceased. These were distributed amongst the front windows in the upper stories, and the rest, armed with pitch-forks, old swords, and cudgels, kept watch below. Edward had taken care to place himself, with a comrade, at a window immediately facing the approach to the house, and now, backed as he was by such a strong party, grew quite impatient for another chance. All, however, remained quiet, until an hour past midnight, when it entered into his teeming brain to blow the thief's silver wind-call, so, without warning any of the rest, he set himself out at the window, and blew until all the hills and woods around yelled their echoes. This alarmed the guards, as not knowing the meaning of it; but how were they astonished at hearing it answered by another at no great distance.

The state of anxiety into which this sudden and unforeseen circumstance threw our armed peasants in, is more easily conceived than described. The fate of their master's great wealth, and even their own fates, was soon to be decided, and none but he who surveys and overrules futurity, could tell what was to be the issue. Every breast heaved quicker, every breath was cut and flustered by the palpitations of an adjoining heart, every gun was cocked, and pointed towards the court gate, every orb of vision was strained to discover the approaching foe, by the dim light of the starry canopy, and every ear expanded to catch the distant sounds as they floated on the slow frosty breeze.

The suspense was not of long continuance. In less than five minutes the trampling of horses was heard, which increased, as they approached, to the noise of thunder, and, in due course, a body of men on horseback, according to their account exceeding their own number, came up at a brisk trot, and began to enter the court gate. Edward, unable to restrain himself any longer, fired Copenhagen in their faces; one of the foremost dropped, and his horse made a spring toward the hall door. This discharge was rather premature, as the wall still shielded a part of the gang from the bulk of the windows; it was, however, the watch-word to all the rest, and in the course of two seconds, the whole 16 guns were discharged at them. Before the smoke dispersed they were all fled like fire, no doubt greatly amazed at the reception which they got. Edward and his comrade ran down stairs to see how matters stood, for it was their opinion that they had shot them every one, and that their horses had taken fright at the noise, and galloped off without them; but the club below warmly protested against opening any of the doors until day, so they were obliged to betake themselves again to their birth up stairs.

Though our peasants had gathered up a little courage and confidence in themselves, their situation was curious, and to them a dreadful one: they saw and heard a part of their fellow creatures moaning and expiring in agonies in the open air, which was intensely cold, yet durst not go to administer the least relief, for fear of a surprize. An hour or two after the great brush, Edward and his messmate descended again, and begged hard for leave to go and reconnoitre for a few minutes, which, after some disputes, was granted. They found only four men fallen, which appeared to them to be all quite dead. One of them was lying within the porch. "Faith," said Edward, "here's the gentleman I shot." The other three were without, at a considerable distance from each other. They durst not follow their track farther, as the road entered betwixt groves of trees, but retreated into their posts without touching any thing.

About an hour before day, some of them were alarmed at hearing the sound of horses feet a second time, which, however, was only indistinct, and heard at considerable intervals, and nothing of them ever appeared. Not long after this, Edward and his friend were almost frighted out of their wits, at seeing, as they thought, the dead man within side the gate, endeavouring to get up and escape. They had seen him dead, lying surrounded by a deluge of congealed blood, and nothing but the ideas of ghosts and hobgoblins entering their brains; they were so indiscreet as never to think of firing, but ran and told the tale of horror to some of their neighbours. The sky was by this time grown so dark, that nothing could be seen with precision, and they all remained in anxious incertitude, until the opening day discovered to them, by degrees, that the corpses were all removed, and nothing left but large sheets of frozen blood; and that the morning's alarms, by the ghost and the noise of horses, had been occasioned by some of the friends of the men that had fallen, conveying them away for fear of a discovery.

Next morning the news flew like fire, and the three servants were much incommoded by crouds of idle and officious people that gathered about the house, some enquiring after the smallest particulars, some begging to see the body that lay in the parlour, and others pleased themselves with poring over the sheets of crimson ice, and tracing the drops of blood on the road down the wood. The Colonel had no country factor, nor any particular friend in the neighbourhood, so the affair was not pursued with that speed which was requisite to the discovery of the accomplices, which, if it had, would have been productive of some very unpleasant circumstances, by involving sundry respectable families, as it afterwards appeared but too evident. Dr. Herbert, the physician, who attended the family occasionally, wrote to the Colonel, by post, concerning the affair, but though he lost no time, it was the fifth day before he arrived. Then indeed advertisements were issued, and posted up in all public

places, offering rewards for a discovery of any person killed or wounded of late. All the dead and sick within twenty miles were inspected by medical men, and a most extensive search made, but all to no purpose. It was too late; all was secured. Some indeed were missing, but plausible pretences being made for their absence, nothing could be done: but certain it is, sundry of these were never more seen nor heard of in the country, though many of the neighbourhood declared they were such people as nobody could suspect.

The body of the unfortunate man who was shot in the pack lay open for inspection a fortnight, but none would ever acknowledge so much as having seen him. The Colonel then caused him to be buried at Billingham, but it was confidently reported that his grave was opened, and his corpse taken away. In short, not one concerned in this base and bold attempt was ever discovered. A constant watch was kept by night for some time. The Colonel rewarded the defenders of his house liberally. Old Richard remained in the family during the rest of his life, and had a good salary for only saying prayers amongst the servants every night. Alice was married to a tobacconist at Hexham: and Edward was made the Colonel's gamekeeper, and had a present of a fine gold mounted gun given him. He afterwards procured him a commission in a regiment of foot, where he suffered many misfortunes and disappointments. He was shot through the shoulder at the battle of Fontenay, but recovered; and retiring on half-pay, took a small farm on the Scottish side. His character was that of a brave, but rash officer: kind, generous, and open hearted in all situations. I have often stood at his knee, and listened with wonder and amazement to his stories of battles and sieges, but none of them ever pleased me better than that of the *long pack*.

Alas! alas! his fate is fast approaching to us all! He hath, now many years ago, submitted to the conqueror of all mankind. His brave heart is now a clod of the valley, and his grey hairs lie mixed with the cold gravel in the bowels of the earth.

VOYAGE *from* PORT JACKSON *to* PRINCE OF WALES'S ISLAND.—*Extracted from the Letters of a Lady.*

[*Continued from p.* 14.]

At Sea, 24th June, 1803.

ON Sunday, the 15th of May, we descried the extensive reef mentioned by Captain Cook, as lying off the south-east end of New Caledonia. During that and the following day we ran before a fresh breeze along the reef, which appeared to extend all along the western side of this large island. A very high mountain which we passed on the 16th received the name of Mount Buffalo. On Tuesday, the 17th, the master was sent to examine an opening in the reef. On his return he reported that it formed a safe entrance to a very extensive harbour. The following day it blew a strong gale, and we stood off and on at the entrance of the harbour. It continued blowing with great violence till the afternoon of the next day, when we bore up, and passed through the opening in the reef; and at six P.M. we anchored in the harbour in four fathoms water. The opening in the reef was afterwards ascertained to be one mile broad, and the channel into the harbour is four miles long, deep water and sandy bottom. The extent of the harbour, which could not be less than eighteen or twenty miles, struck us with astonishment, particularly after entering it through such a narrow passage.

A number of islands of various forms and sizes diversified this sheet of water. The whole was surrounded by chains of stupendous mountains, rising one behind the other as far as the eye could reach, and many of the tops of them were hid in the clouds. The vallies between them were covered with trees, and the verdure they exhibited, from their depth and distance, assumed a sombre shade, whilst the lighter tints and various shrubs that ornamented the bases of the islands were softened and improved by the setting sun. The whole was a solemn, silent, and majestic scene, and impressed the mind with the grandeur of sequestered na-

ture, and with feelings of tranquil enjoyment.

We came into the harbour for the purpose of watering, (the number of passengers and stock on board having consumed a great quantity of water in our passage to Norfolk Island) but finding so eligible a one, a survey was taken of it, which detained us a fortnight beyond the intended time of our departure.

At day-light the next morning a canoe was seen paddling towards a small island that lay about a mile from the ship, when two natives got out of it, and seated themselves on a rock; after gazing at the ship for some time, one of them stood up and repeatedly called out *Coee*, at which we were not a little surprised, it being the same word which the natives of Port Jackson make use of as a friendly invitation. Being answered from the ship they returned to their canoe, and were soon joined by two others. They were tall, stout, good looking men, with high foreheads and cheerful, open countenances, in colour nearly black. Some printed cottons and a few shewy articles being given to them from the cabin windows, they gave some fine mullet and some yams in return, but could not be prevailed upon to come on board, till a small piece of red serge was held up to view from one of the gangways, which they were so eager to possess, that three of them ventured up the side of the ship without further hesitation. One of them we supposed to be a chief, from the peculiarity of his head dress. This was a sort of cap, made of very fine bark, projecting very far behind from the head, bound tight round it with a fillet, and adorned on one side by a bunch of feathers, which appeared to be those of a heron. This man was of a lighter colour, and taller, than the others. I tied a broad pink sash across his shoulders, which pleased him so much that he sat by me all the time we were at breakfast, of which, however, he could not be persuaded to partake.

The pinnace and cutter, with the first lieutenant and the master, were sent to look for a watering place, but returned in the evening without having been successful. In attempting to land they had had a skirmish with the natives, in which one of the crew of the pinnace was wounded in the thigh by a spear. The marines fired some small shot amongst the natives, which dispersed them with such precipitation, that our people were not able to ascertain whether any of them had been touched by the small shot.

Early in the ensuing morning the boats were again sent in search of water. Whilst we were at breakfast a number of canoes, containing about fifty natives, came round the ship. The man, who had the day before thrown the spear at the seaman, was observed in one of their canoes, sitting in a very thoughtful and dejected attitude. When his canoe came under the gangway, he caught hold of the rope, and was up the side of the ship in an instant, when he gave us to understand that he wished to see the man he had wounded. It being only a flesh wound, the man was able to come on deck to see him. When the dressing was taken off for him to see the wound, he seemed much agitated, wept exceedingly, and offered the sailor yams, fishing nets, and a variety of other things, as peace offerings. It is almost needless to say, that with a British tar this first concession on the part of the offender obliterated every trace of resentment.

As hostilities had commenced at so early a period of our stay, we had feared very unpleasant consequences, and we were proportionably satisfied with what we then hoped was their speedy termination in so amicable a manner. The greatest confidence now appeared to take place, and a barter was entered upon much to our advantage. Two very fine large green turtles were given to two of our seamen for the sleeve of an old blue jacket cut in two. At noon the boats returned, without having met with any molestation, and having discovered a lagoon of fine soft water.

On Saturday, the 21st, several canoes, of a considerably larger size than any we had yet seen, came off to us. The natives who came in them appeared to be of a larger make than those who had visited us before. Their projecting brows and ferocious countenances gave an idea of cannibalism; and they did not seem to be of

the same race, or to inhabit the same part of the country with those that have already been described.

The pinnace returned from the watering place with the first lieutenant, by whom an account was received of a disturbance that had taken place on shore. A party of natives, who were standing on the beach when our men landed, had cut away a part of the boat's painter, and, when it was demanded back, had given it up with great reluctance, brandishing their spears and throwing themselves into menacing attitudes; and when the boat put off from the shore, several spears were thrown. A short time after the return of the pinnace a much larger canoe than those along side, having thirteen natives in it, came off to the ship, and the first lieutenant immediately pointed out two of the men in it who had been most active in the late attack. One of them held the very spear that had first been thrown, but which fell short of the boat. This circumstance was known by the spear being a white one, whilst all the others were black. One of the natives from this canoe having come on board, he was given to understand that the white spear must be given up. He communicated this to his countrymen without leaving the ship; but they refused to deliver it up, and upon their persisting one of the large guns on the quarter-deck was fired over their heads, in order to intimidate them, and to deter them from committing further hostilities. At this they appeared more enraged than frightened. Having paddled off to a little distance, one of them, who we supposed was a chief, harangued them for some time, distorting his features and making strange gestures. They appeared to pay great attention to what he said, and at the conclusion of his speech they all set up a loud shout. This was considered as a war-whoop, and a shower of spears was expected to follow. A musquet was presented to the breast of the native who was on board, with threats of firing it, unless he caused the white spear to be given up. He was permitted to return to the canoe to effect this, which, after some further altercation, was accomplished. Soon after this they began to paddle off, all of them exclaiming in the same words, and pointing to the shore; but whether it was a threat of revenge or an offer of reconciliation which they uttered, we were then at a loss to determine.—The next morning, however, proved it to be the latter; for several of the same canoes, and some other large ones, containing ten or twelve natives in each, slowly advanced towards the ship. The men in them held their fingers to their ears, to intimate that they were afraid of, or annoyed by, the noise of the great gun which they had heard the preceding day. Their heads were decorated with green boughs, which we concluded was a symbol of peace. As soon as they reached the ship's side the white spear was returned to them, and they immediately begun, as formerly, to barter their spears and *bagos* for trifles. Several of them came on board, and two of them had their beards shaved off.

Bagos is the name they give to their clubs, which are of a large size, of various forms, and made of various materials. They shew great ingenuity in the manufacture of these weapons, considering they have no tools but sharp stones and shells.

In the afternoon of that day a little excursion was planned by the officers and passengers to a beautiful little island, about a mile from the ship; but a very heavy rain coming on, just as they had landed, spoiled their expected amusement. In the evening a double canoe, which was the first of the kind that had been seen, came alongside, with sundry articles to barter. Several of the men who had paid us a visit on the 19th were in her. A complete platform was laid across the two hulls, on which were their fires. The most curious thing about her consisted in two round holes in a plank, fixed at each end of the platform, through each of which a paddle was introduced, with which they sculled in a perpendicular direction.

During the ensuing week several canoes came alongside every day. The natives remained on board for many hours, and appeared pleased with every thing they saw. They bartered their spears and *bagos*, as

likewise yams, sugarcanes, and fish, for small pieces of cloth and linen, mostly blue, though scarlet and crimson being their favourite colours, they were eager to obtain the least shred that bore those dyes. Unfortunately, and in result fatally for them, the signal flag, that was hoisted at one end of an island, which we had named Skull island, on account of several human skulls being found upon it, for the purpose of serving as a station to assist in the survey then taking of the harbour, had a great deal of scarlet in it, being the union-jack. About noon, on the 29th of May, four canoes that had been round the ship all the morning, put off from her all together, and made towards the point where the flag was flying. From the ship they were observed to land and to seize upon the colours. Upon this the first lieutenant, with one of the mates and four men, went after them in the jollyboat. The natives stopped on the point till our people arrived, when, appearing to comprehend the cause of their leaving the ship, they made signs that they only wanted to examine the flag. They stepped quietly into their canoes, and paddled away to the side of the island opposite to that abreast of which the ship lay. But the boat had no sooner returned on board than they resumed their purpose, pulled the colours down, and hurried in their canoes towards a large island, which lay about a mile off. The first lieutenant instantly pursued them, taking the boatswain and serjeant of marines, with two musquets and some ammunition. They were nearly in shore before the jollyboat got within musquet shot, when two musquets were fired over their heads, upon which they threw overboard a small piece of the flag, and renewed their efforts to reach the shore. Another musquet was then fired, after which they threw several spears. Upon this, at the command of the lieutenant, the boatswain and serjeant loaded with ball, and fired at the same instant. One of the natives was killed and fell across a canoe, the ball entering his breast on the left side. Another was wounded, yet not so much as to prevent his jumping out of the canoe and getting on shore, as all the others did, whence they threw a volley of stones. Notwithstanding their hurry and alarm they collected together, and carried off all the pieces of the flag. The canoe was brought away by our people. It was a source of much uneasiness on board when we were informed of the poor fellow's death. He was a fine, stout, cheerful young man, who had been jumping and dancing on the quarter-deck all the morning. He was unarmed, and not in the same canoe by which the flag, which was the object of contention, had been carried away; nor did he appear to have taken any active part in their proceedings. We had no opportunity of observing whether they fetched the body away, or whether they performed any funeral obsequies. The only circumstance which we took notice of during our stay, relative to their mode of disposing of their dead, was, that on one part of Skull island an entire human skeleton was found, under a slight frame of wood work, in which there was likewise found inclosed a calabash for holding water.

For several days after this melancholy occurrence no canoes came off; and the weather being perfectly calm, without a ripple on the water, or any thing to disturb the death-like stillness that reigned around us, the gloom that hung over us augmented the regret we felt for the recent event.

Various schemes were resorted to to entice the natives to renew their visits. Their canoe was taken back to the spot whence it had been brought, and left there with some green boughs in it. Three or four days more elapsed without our perceiving any signs of inhabitants. At length we observed one of their largest double canoes making towards the ship. Every thing that could be collected of their favourite colour was held up to entice them on board, which, as their canoe came alongside, several of them did, without shewing any symptoms of fear or distrust.—There were sixteen men, two girls, and a boy in the canoe. In return for our presents they offered some of their cloth, a few *bagos*, and some baskets. Six of them passed almost the whole of the day in the cabin,

and behaved with great propriety and decorum. We left nothing undone that we thought could please and amuse them. Some of our seamen danced under the orlop-deck to the sound of a violin, but the natives much preferred the flute, on which, to their great delight, the captain and one of the officers performed several tunes. They listened attentively to the songs which a lady on board sang to that accompaniment, and joined chorus with her in the tune of "tink-a-tink." Their voices were reckoned soft and melodious. They partook of no sustenance all the day, excepting some ship's biscuit and water, yet towards evening their spirits were very much exhilirated. The canoe being made fast under the stern, those in the ship kept looking out, and pressing their friends to come on board. At length all of them, except two or three men and the two girls, who were not permitted to enter the ship, left the canoe. They got up the stern ladders, and in at the cabin-windows. The faces, forms, and gestures of the group now assembled in the cabin, who were destitute of all covering, intermixed with the Europeans, and the distinct view from the cabin-windows of the wild scenery of the country, by the light of a full moon, then rising from behind the lofty peaked mountains, would have given ample scope for the abilities of a painter; and much regret was expressed at the want of a good artist on board, who might have taken a characteristic sketch of the strange but interesting scene.

The boats being all employed in making a survey of the harbour, few opportunities occurred for excursions of pleasure or instruction. On the evening of the next day the seine was hauled on the fine sandy beach of an island at a little distance from the ship, but with very indifferent success. We sometimes caught very fine snappers with hooks and lines. The colours of these fish were beautiful beyond description: some of them were covered with circles of a bright lilac colour, with a black spot in the centre of each circle, and their fins and tails of a deep yellow; others were of a fine pink colour, with purple undulatory lines, and purple and yellow fins; various other tints, most fancifully and beautifully contrasted, adorned other individuals of this species of fish. Water snakes were also seen in abundance, and very handsome, being of a delicate white, with jet black spots or rings.

At times the heat was very oppressive, and none of the passengers or crew were sorry when the anchor was weighed, on the morning of the 18th of June.

After leaving the harbour we continued our course as near the coast as we could with safety. Some parts of it seemed more mountainous than what has before been described, and the reef appeared a formidable barrier the whole way. It was not till the 22d that, not a little to our satisfaction, we passed the extreme point of it, as we had had several very unpleasant alarms, the man at the mast-head having called out three or four times that we were in the midst of the breakers. At one time rocks above water were thought to be discerned, but upon nearing the supposed danger, it was found to arise from the reflection of the clouds passing the sun. This reef, so fraught with danger, extends for three hundred miles along the south-west coast of New Caledonia. W.

[*To be continued.*]

On the MANAGEMENT *of the* AFFAIRS *of the* POOR.

A PLAN has lately been adopted by the guardians and overseers of the poor, of large districts and towns, to send a printed account of their yearly receipts and expenditures to each other, to shew how the money has been applied; but there is generally something omitted in each of them, to prevent a stranger from deriving the information he could wish from their statements. If the different articles of provision, clothing, medicine, wages, and gratuities for encouraging and rewarding industry, were given with their respective sums under separate heads, and the average number of the poor either occasionally or permanently relieved, both within and out of the house, were correctly mentioned, it might then be calculated how much each

person cost in the year; the proportion between the population and the poor of the town or the district might be obtained; and in short, by comparing the account of one town with another, considerable knowledge would be acquired, by a person seeking after the method of conducting the affairs of the poor in different places.

While examining these yearly accounts, I selected one for the county and town of Kingston upon Hull, from the 2d day of February, 1808, to the 2d day of February, 1809: and I now propose to offer a few observations on some of the principal articles therein mentioned.

I find they expended, under the different heads of provisions, about 3385*l.* 14*s.* and that the average number of the paupers did not exceed 370; and that the rate of expence for each pauper was 3*s.* 3¼*d.* a week. By the returns of the overseers for the county and town of Kingston upon Hull, A.D. 1803, they had no more than 206 poor persons in their house; and how does it happen that, in the short space of six years, there should be an increase of 164 in poor? Surely something extraordinary must have occurred, or there must have been some error in the return. If the poor are so rapidly increasing, the cause of it ought to be seriously investigated, and a remedy applied to prevent or check the progress of such an alarming evil.

If we may judge from some of the articles in the annual account, there appears to be a liberal establishment in the house at Kingston upon Hull, which may have been continued from one guardian to another, till it is fixed by custom, and any innovation may cause murmurings and complaints by those who are fed by the public bounty; but this ought not to influence the conduct of the present governors.

Where young children are put out of the house to nurse, is not 330*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* a large sum for milk? Such an indulgence seems unnecessary, when butcher's meat to the amount of 864*l.* 3*s.* 10*d.* is consumed in the course of a year, and as rich a soup might have been made for breakfast and supper, as is brought to a gentleman's table. I have known, in some workhouses, that it hath been found an exceedingly nourishing and healthy diet. As the number of young children nursed out of the house is not mentioned, it is impossible to judge how many there were of them, or whether they were separated from their parents.

It appears by the last year's account, that they paid 429*l.* 16*s.* for young children, after they had deducted 357*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* they had received for bastards. To a stranger 787*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* appears a large sum for nursing young children; and it further shews us, that the Rev. Mr. Malthus's plan for preventing the poor from marrying, would avail but little in checking the progress of population. As such young children as are left to be brought up by the parish are generally put out to nurse at Kingston upon Hull to poor women, who have a living to get, it cannot be expected that they can shew them all the care and attention they require, and it is a desirable thing to know whether there are not more of them die in proportion to their number, than there are of those in a well-regulated workhouse.

Before Mr. Whitbread attempts to bring in his bill to regulate the affairs of the poor, it is much to be wished that he would endeavour to collect a little real information from facts, before he changes old laws for new projects. If the guardians and the overseers of the poor were obliged, by act of parliament, to answer a set of pertinent questions, many important truths might be established to counteract opinions founded upon prejudices, errors, and mismanagement, and we might then expect to see remedies provided for such existing evils as are proved, without hazarding the further burdening of the public with fruitless expences.

But there is another article in the annual accounts of the establishment at Kingston upon Hull, of 4485*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* for relieving of the out-poor, in money, bread, potatoes, and rice, but the number is not mentioned, either of those who are occasionally or permanently assisted; and, for want of further information, many may think this a large sum.

If we reckon the number of out-

poor at 520, then the average sum paid to each pauper will be 8*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* which is a large contribution to so many individuals; but the sum must have been much larger to many of them, as it is very probable, that they who were occasionally relieved, received only a few shillings. The spirit of industry appears very languid in the house, as there is no more charged for the amount of the earnings of the in-poor than 121*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* which will average about one penny three farthings weekly for each person. From this trifling sum of 121*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* there are deductions for the clerk, the master, the spinning master, the spinners, and others, to the amount of 77*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.* which leaves only 43*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.* to their institution, for the labour of the whole year.

It is difficult to say for what reason so many persons receive such deductions from the earnings of the paupers, as it cannot be for keeping them to work; and they appear to be liberally paid: for there is the sum of 412*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* charged for medical attendance, medicine, and wages. The paupers who act as servants in the house, and of course have provisions, clothing, and lodging, found them, have also wages to the amount of 65*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.* They who are able to work, yet throw themselves upon the public, ought to give up their time and their labour to those who support them, receiving at the same time some little gratuity, weekly, as an encouragement. In times like the present, parochial and other taxes are, with difficulty, collected, and they ought to be expended with a careful and a frugal hand.

There are many other articles in this annual account, which appear to a stranger to require the attention of the guardians, and especially those which relate to militia-men's wives, as many gross impositions have been practised by them, where magistrates have been ready to make orders without much examination. Under every head of the parochial expenditure, as much economy ought to be introduced as is consistent with a liberal provision for the sober and industrious poor, who are worn down with hard labour, age, and infirmities. But an economical system is the last thing to be thought of in every department, where the public are to pay the expence.

If a person steps forward to reform abuses in privileged jurisdictions, the Messrs. Justice, Butcher, Grocer, and Draper, who preside as chairmen at public-houses, generally endeavour to prejudice the minds of their evening associates with insinuations unfavourable to reformers. This is continued week after week, month after month, and year after year, till those who have exerted themselves for the good of the whole community are driven with disgust from their office.

Our legislators may think that they shall be able to provide remedies for every existing evil, by passing acts to build schools; but when they have imposed additional burthens, they will find the evils complained of still remaining.

There never will be any thing done to lessen the expences for maintaining the poor, till the business is taken out of the hands of the trading part of the community, and the overseers, and the guardians of workhouses, are compelled to buy such articles as they require for the poor at the cheapest rate, and till they are further prevented from spending any of the public money illegally.

But abuses must not be corrected even in parochial affairs, lest the people should be clamorous for extending the reforming hand a little further. There are some candid persons who will acknowledge that there are many public evils both seen and felt; but they ask, how are they to be prevented? Tell us how it is to be done, and we will do it. To which it may be answered, Let the idle, the drunken, the worthless, and the noisy petitioner for parochial relief be put to hard labour, and, if they are able, let them have no more to eat than they will earn, and they will soon quit you, and provide for themselves, and you will be relieved of the burden of maintaining many of the present inhabitants of workhouses. Let those who have brought up their families with credit, and cannot work any longer, by reason of their age and infirmities, be treated with ten-

derness, and give them every reasonable indulgence; and let each of them know what they have to trust to, in case they should want, and let abuses of every kind be cut up from the root.

A marked distinction in the treatment of the two classes of the poor, will encourage those who are sober and industrious to continue so, knowing that, if sickness or misfortune should assail them, they have an asylum to which they can retreat, where care will be taken of them, while the idle and the drunken will dread the correcting hand, when they are certain that hard labour will be their portion.

Common affairs will always be best regulated by common sense; but in general we look above it, and soar into the regions of speculation, to search after expensive methods, which are not calculated to check the present existing evils, but may raise up others which are not foreseen.

There are new laws wanted to place the affairs of the poor in proper hands, to establish some certain rules as fixed points, to guide each person in his official capacity in the management of the affairs of the poor, from the magistrate down to the overseer; and if either of them wilfully neglect their duty, or step beyond their authority, when they have no power to relieve or to command, but ought to inflict hard labour, let each of them be fined proportionably to the offence.

It is not to be expected in times like the present, when corruption is declared to be necessary for carrying on public business, that men will give up their time, and their trouble, without having their vanity gratified and their interest promoted, and therefore it requires great caution in appointing even parish officers.

It is childish to talk of easing our burdens, unless we first reform abuses; and if we are afraid to face the evils which are so rapidly increasing upon us, and fix no boundaries to them, necessity will, in time, compel us to do what prudence cannot persuade us to attempt at present.

An ANALYSIS *of a* DIALOGUE *of* ÆSCHINES, *entitled* "AXIOCHUS, *on the* FEAR *of* DEATH." *By Dr.* TOULMIN.

THIS dialogue is a conversation with Axiochus. This person had been in the government of the Republic, and, in a sickness which he thought would prove mortal, could not reconcile himself to the prospect of death. There is less subtlety in this than in the other dialogues of Æschines, because Socrates only has the chief share in the conversation; but it is not inferior in point of composition, and is more agreeable to read, especially by those who are not accustomed to follow a chain of rather remote reasoning.

Socrates begins with a mild censure of Axiochus, for his failure in that fortitude at the approach of death, which he had shewn through life. The old man ingenuously grants it, and owns that the fine discourses of Socrates were lost upon him at the moment of trial, and that he revolted at the thought of going to a place where he should petrify and become the food of worms. Socrates shews that his reluctance proceeded from not reasoning justly, and from joining together two things totally incompatible with each other, sensation and insensibility; for, after death, men feel nothing that befals the body, any more than they are conscious of what took place before they were born. This ought to prevent their fear of it. Death is, notwithstanding, spoken of as the greatest evil, as if a man would have in the grave that sense and feeling which renders evils the source of infelicity. The carcase which lieth in the tomb is not the man. This name belongs to the immortal spirit, which weary with the evils it hath experienced in the body, wishes to depart, and to go to a place where it will be no longer exposed to the same troubles.

Socrates had no sooner expressed himself thus, than Axiochus asked him, from whence was it then that he who knew all this, and entertained more elevated sentiments than did the multitude, was content to continue in life. The philosopher

assumes his usual modest air, and replies, that though he had searched into the truth on many points, he was ignorant on common subjects, and on this knew nothing. He added, that he spoke only what he had learnt of the wise Prodicus, whose lectures he had purchased with money: he insinuates, at the same time, a censure on that sophist, who required a pecuniary recompence from his disciples, whereas Socrates took none from his; he perceived, perhaps, that the mind of Axiochus could be more easily composed by a rhetorical harangue, than by philosophic reasonings.

This, probably, led him to say, that ever since he had heard a particular lecture of Prodicus, he had put no value on life, and wished for death. Axiochus asks, what the Sophist said; and Socrates, without much importunity, begins to tell him. It was an enumeration of the inconveniences and calamities of life, from infancy to old age, and of the evils to which men are exposed through every period. This enumeration is well drawn up, and expressed in lively and appropriate terms, as will be allowed by those who shall read the original. Among the evils of childhood, he reckons not only the fatigues children must endure to strengthen the body, but the vexation and disgust to which they are obnoxious, from critics, geometricians, and teachers of tactics, whom he regards as so many rigorous task masters. By critics must be understood the interpreters of the poets, who were as pedantic formerly as they are at this day. It proceeds to describe the vexations and difficulties that arise from the Grecian modes of life, till he comes to old age, in which he finds every incurable infirmity, and adds, if life be not instantaneously demanded as a debt, nature, like an usurer, exacts its pledges; it takes sight from some, hearing from others, and sometimes both together. If life still holds out, they who delay the surrender of it, become paralytic and lame, and lose the use of their limbs. Socrates continues to expatiate on the troubles of old age, and cites examples from historians and poets, to prove that they who have been the most acceptable to the Gods have died young. He touches also on the unhappy end of some illustrious generals among the Athenians, and reminds Axiochus of the injustice of the Athenians, which, though assisted by Euryptolomus, Axiochus himself had in vain opposed.

On this Axiochus laments the infelicity of those who interfere in the affairs of the state of Athens, and describes the vices of the people. Socrates takes occasion from hence to observe, that if the science of government, which is the noblest of all, renders them who engage in it unhappy, the state of other men must be much worse.

He then reasons after the manner which he attributes to Prodicus; that death affects neither those who are living, nor those who are deceased; the former having not fallen under its power, and the latter being void of all feeling. Axiochus ridicules this reasoning, and observes that the sick are not healed by sophisms; but want arguments that reach the mind. Socrates replies, that he was always deceiving himself by blending together things that are incompatible; namely, perception and feeling, with the loss and privation of all the capacities of sensation.

He afterwards argues for the immortality of the soul from human discoveries and inventions; for instance, astronomy, by which men calculate, for as many years as they please, the position of the stars, and their different aspects. Socrates subjoins, that the soul of Axiochus, on leaving the body, would remove to a happy place, where it would be exposed to no trouble, and would be at liberty to philosophize, not according to the taste of the multitude and of the theatre, but agreeably to truth. Axiochus appears to be entirely gained over by this conversation, and says, that so far from any fear of death, he wished it: he adds, that he began to entertain more elevated reflections, and to run that eternal and divine course of which Socrates spoke, and, in a word, that he "was become a new man." Socrates, who perceived that Axiochus yielded himself more to the impressions produced by eloquence than philosophy, begins to relate what he said he had

heard reported from Gobryas, concerning another life, and which was found written on copper-plates, discovered in the Isle of Delos, in the times of Xerxes. These are fables concerning the different regions into which the gods had divided the invisible world, and of the allotment of hell to Pluto, where Minos and Rhadamanthus preside as judges of the dead. He described also, in five languages, the beautiful scenes where the righteous reside, in which he promises Axiochus, who had lived virtuously, an abode; he refers, however, what he declares he had learnt from Gobryas, to the judgment of Axiochus, adding, that he was well persuaded that the soul was immortal, and that it would suffer nothing by an exchange of worlds, speaking, as he did, concerning the souls of the virtuous.

Axiochus is so charmed with this discourse, that he appears disposed to meet death with joy: he promises to reflect on what had been offered, and requests Socrates to renew his visit.*

On the SUPERIORITY *of our* ETHICS *over those of the* ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.

THE doctrine of morality which is taught in our days, by which I understand the system of the truths of theology and of natural law, has a very great superiority over that of the ancient Greek and Roman philosophers, and which must be evident to every one, who is not under the influence of an extreme prejudice for antiquity.

The ideas which the majority of the ancient philosophers entertained of the divinity were either imperfect and obscure, or superstitious and dreadful. At one time they peopled Olympus with a multitude of divinities; at another, they only admitted gods who were entirely passive,† sometimes it was an irrevocable destiny by which the world was governed,* or that nature alone was God;† at another time they acknow-

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* Bibliotheque Choisie par le Clerc, tom. xxii. p. 153—160.

† This is a part of the Epicurean philosophy, which, as it made the gods similar to man, exempted them from all cares of this lower world, from a fear of disturbing their felicity: also, according to their system, these gods had not created this universe, nor exercised any controul over it, but that they enjoyed a perfect repose in the habitation assigned to them by the Epicureans, which was the space which separated the worlds. They pretended that honour was due to them, but solely on account of the excellence of their nature, being susceptible neither of benevolence nor indignation.

* This is the opinion of Zeno, chief of the sect of the stoics. He not only subjected the inferior gods to destiny or fatum, but also the supreme god, from whom the lower gods emanated, and to whom they were one day to be re-united. Seneca says, —The author and the moderator of all things wrote, it is true, the laws of fate, but he is himself subject to them. He always obeys them, after having once ordained them.

† This may be imputed to different philosophers of the Ionian sect, of which Thales was the founder. He allowed that God was the intelligence, by which every thing was formed of water, which he established as the principle of all things; but he expressed himself so obscurely, that he made himself suspected of atheism. Anaximander, who succeeded him, believed that the principle and element of all things was an infinite unique, and invariable in its totality; the parts of which, however, were subject to change, that every thing has its origin and its end in it, that the gods received their being from it, that they were born and died at a great distance from each other, and that the worlds were innumerable.—Anaximenes, his disciple, established air as the universal principle, that every thing was born in it and returned to it, that it was infinite, and consequently every thing was infinite which drew its origin from it; and that God was air, and in constant motion. At least these philosophers have so incorporated matter with their divinity, that they leave us in doubt whether they did not believe their divinity to be nature itself, or the

ledged no God at all, and attributed every thing to chance.* Socrates even, who appeared to possess the soundest ideas of the divinity, still considered it to be no dereliction of moral duty to sacrifice to the gods of his country. And who are the gods whom antiquity adored? Homer, this prince of poets, sings the power of Jupiter, whom he calls the father of men and of gods. "But who is this god? He is one whom I would not wish to resemble, and, notwithstanding the manner in which he is adorned by the pomp of poesy, I should be ashamed to be his friend."†

False principles of morality are inevitably the result of false notions of the divinity. Almost all the ancient philosophers made to themselves a god, according to their own fantasy and particular character, and attributed to him those qualities and inclinations, which their own temperament and the nature of the education which they had received led them especially to approve. At one time, severe and mild; at another, sensual and magnanimous: this god was every thing, which the philosophers were themselves.

Their doctrine concerning the nature of the soul is a labyrinth of opinions, some of which are more chimerical than others. Who does not feel contempt and disgust with all the subtle definitions and the endless disputes of the Grecian philosophers, concerning the nature of the soul? Not all the eloquence of Cicero, who transmits them to us, can make them palatable. The wisest among them suspected more the immortality of the soul, than established the certainty of it. Warburton has demonstrated, that all the philosophers of Greece were not persuaded of the immortality of the soul, and of another life of rewards and punishments, although they have spoken of it as a point of doctrine in which society is interested. At least they knew no other immortality than that which results from the principle approaching so near to atheism, that God is the soul of the world, and that the human soul is an emanation of it.*

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soul of the world extended over all nature. Xenophane, chief of the Eleatic sect, reasoned still worse on the divinity. He made it eternal; sole and similar in all points, in regard to space and extension of a round form, and sensible in all its parts. The divine virtue which he admits is nothing than a property of matter, nor made a particular substance of it different from the universal substance. His successor, Parmenides, made God a circle of air and fire, which he says encircles the heavens and incloses the world. It is a circumstance not very favourable to Zeno, of the Eleatic sect, that it cannot be decided of his principle, that there is but one being, who is God, can or cannot be understood in the sense of Spinoza.

* This is the opinion of Strato, of the Peripatetic sect. According to Cicero, he expressly declares, that the assistance of the gods was not necessary to the formation of the universe, that all the divine virtue was comprehended in insensible matter, which included in itself the principle of all production, augmentation, and diminution.—*Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib.* 1, c. 13. *Quæst. Arcad. lib.* iv. *c.* 38.

† Vide Garves Geschichte Gellerts Leben und Werke.

Cic. Quæst. Tusct. cap. 9. He finishes his enumeration of the different sentiments of the ancient philosophers, on the nature of the soul, in a truly sceptical manner. "There is but one God, he says, who can determine which of these opinions be true, and at the same time it is not easy to decide which has the greatest probability."

* The Stoics were divided on the immortality of the soul, but they all concurred in regarding it as a part of the divinity or of the soul of the world. They who were advocates for immortality pretended that it was only the lot of virtuous men, whilst the souls of the wicked were dissolved soon after death. The immortality which they admitted, and which Cicero calls ironically a *life of crows*, lasted only to the general conflagration, which is an end of the world, very different to that which is represented to us by the Christian religion, besides the whole felicity of the souls consisted in contemplating the course of the stars.

The ideas which they entertained of virtue were often imperfect and unnatural: and how could they be otherwise? as they extracted them from their manner of conceiving the divinity and the nature of the soul. What is virtue when its essence is not made to consist in the conformity of our actions with the will of the Creator, considered as our sovereign Lord, and from whom we have received our laws? But did Plato, Aristotle, or Zeno ever establish virtue on this great truth, that God is our legislator and our judge?* What was the Stoic with his imaginary virtue but his own divinity? He pretended not to stand in need either of God or of his assistance to become virtuous.† Therefore whatever difference they admitted between good and evil morals, they did not acknowledge it to be founded on the will of God, and his empire over men, as being his creatures and his subjects; and they deducted their principles of virtue, not from the obedience due to God, but solely from the beauty of virtue and from the natural deformity of vice. Plato, by the extenuation of the body and the mortification of the senses, elevates the soul near to the father of spirits: such is his virtue, and it must be allowed that there is something very imposing in the manner in which he expresses himself. Zeno teaches us to stifle our natural propensities, and not to estimate that, as a pain or a pleasure, which inflicts on us painful or agreeable sensations. According to his doctrine, we shall become virtuous when we cease to be men. In regard to Epicurus, he makes virtue to consist in preserving ourselves from every thing which can give uneasiness to the soul and pain to the body; whilst, according to Aristotle, he is virtuous who regulates his manners according to the wisest opinions and the laws of the country.*

The enumeration which they present to us of virtues and particular duties is incomplete and defective. Although the Pagan sage is so far advanced as to admit this negative precept,—"*Do not do to others what you would not wish should be done unto you*;" yet he is not elevated to this positive precept, which religion teaches us,—"*Do unto others what you wish they should do unto you.*" Every thing which you could wish should be done unto you, according to the rules of justice, benevolence, and of a reasonable indulgence, do you practice in regard to others, supposing them in your place and you in theirs. This precept is not the same as the first, but it comprehends it without being contained in it. I can indeed abstain from doing a person an injury, without rendering him any service. I can see his misfortune with an indifferent eye, without attempting to deliver him from it, or promoting his happiness. This great rule of duty was never prescribed by reason abandoned to itself. The ancient philosophers did not confine temperance and chastity, in regard to men, within bounds sufficiently narrow. The rigid Cato recommended lewdness as a mean of

* Plato established it as a principle of virtue, that the body was the prison of the soul, that it would be set at liberty to reach the sovereign good, to the contemplation of its original ideas, and the patterns of all things which emanated from the divine intelligence, and that it had an individual existence.

† The Stoics maintained the principle, that a good and just mind was the divinity in the human body, and moreover, that the soul is a free agent, provided there is nothing exterior to it which can constrain it; and they, in consequence, maintained that men did indeed receive the advantages and necessaries of life from the divinity, but that they were not indebted for their virtue to it. Seneca even dares to assert, that in this point the sage is elevated above God, that God is indebted to his nature for his deliverance from all fear, whereas the sage is indebted for it to his own efforts.

* His moral was imperfect in this point, that it had seldom any other object than happiness in relation to the state of society. It was the moral of a courtesan, who often accommodates her virtue to the maxims of the great world.

preventing adultery.* Drunkenness was not, in the opinion of some, a capital vice. Hatred and persecution of the enemies of a family were, in Rome, considered a virtue. Cicero himself declares in favour of revenge.† Suicide was permitted, and the most pompous eulogiums made it an heroic virtue. Patriotism, so extolled amongst the ancients, what is it often but enthusiasm and a spirit of party, which leads us to sacrifice the liberty and the happiness of the people with a view to eternise the glory of our nation? Where is the universal benevolence? Where are the works of charity in the morals of the ancients? Commiseration, according to Seneca, is an infirmity of the soul and the fault of a little mind, which is depressed and discouraged at the view of the woes of others.‡. Aristotle considers kindness to be a weakness of the soul; and patience, after injuries received, a servile disposition.* In what part of their ethics do the ancients teach humility? The presumption of erecting himself into a little divinity, is the great stumbling block of Stoic morality.

In general the ethics of the ancients offer no certain mean of tranquillising ourselves under the various sufferings of life; nor do they grant any true consolation, which can only be found in an humble subjection to the will of God, in the assurance that every thing conspires to the happiness of those who obey him and confide in him, and in the persuasion that he, from eternity, has ordered every thing, and directed with admirable wisdom and goodness all the events of our life. The ethics of the present day are exempt from those imperfections: they give us great and sublime ideas of God; just and noble sentiments of humanity, and moderation, in regard to our desires. They possess a greater certainty of the immortality of the soul, of the recompense of virtue, and the punishment of vice. Whence have we derived these advantages? Were the antient philosophers deficient in penetration?—Are not they our superiors in depth of thought and elocution? Why were their ethics not more true and exact? Did they not apply themselves with sufficient care and diligence? Are we greater geniuses than Socrates, Plato, Zenophon, Epictetus, Aristotle, Cicero, or Seneca, because we have extended our moral speculations further than they? Whence does it proceed, that in regard to the adoration of an only God, the duties of universal benevolence, the love of our enemies, the origin of good and evil, and the immortality of the soul, the Pagan philosophers and poets, are so far removed from that degree of certitude which we possess at this day on all those important points?

R. H.

* Horace mentions this, speaking of Cato the censor, and it accords with what Plutarch recites at the close of his life, of a circumstance not very honourable to him, which made him resolve on a second marriage, although far advanced in years. Hor. Serm. lib. i. 1 stat. 2, ver. 31. seq. It will be found less becoming in Cicero, in his defence of Cœlius, to undertake the defence of lewdness with the sophistical restriction, that the indulgence of it ought to be permitted only with moderation and decency. Cic. Orat. pro Cœlius, cap. 20 et seq. Diearches, from the report of Cicero, reproached Plato, that zealous partisan of virtue, of having spoken in favour of a criminal love. Cic. Quæst. Tusc. lib. iv. cap. 30.

† He does not declare it in one of his orations, where it might be supposed that he sacrificed the interests of virtue and the exact truth to the circumstances of his situation; but it is in a letter to an intimate friend, in which he opens his heart, that he expresses so ardently his desire for revenge. "I hate this man, and shall for ever hate him: would to heaven that I could revenge myself on him." Ad. Attic. lib. 9, ep. 12.

‡ Clementiam mansuetudinemque omnes boni præstabunt misericordiam autem vitabunt. Et enim vitium pusilli animi, ad speciem alienorum malorum succidentis. Sen. A. Clomt. lib. 11. c. 5.

* Δοκεῖ γαρ ὑπρᾶος) οὐκ ἀισθανεσθαι, ουδὲ λυπεῖσθαι μεγ' ἐργιζόμενός τε οὐκ εἰναρ ἀμυντικος, τό δὲ προπαγακιζόμενον ανεχεσθαι, καὶ τοὺς οικειους τιμωρεῖν ἀνδραποδώδες.—Arist. Ethi. lib. iv. cap. 5.

[*To be continued.*]

MR. BURDON TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

LET me request you to rectify two errors of the press in your last number. Page 20, for "remains," read "work." The fault, I believe, is my own.—Page 22, for "Moyer," read "Roger."—Page 33, for "excited," read "exalted." I only wonder the errors of the press are not more frequent.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
Aug. 10, 1809.

On the PROPRIETY *of* ESTABLISHING PAROCHIAL SHOPS *in* COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

Sir,

AS the internal economy of labouring parishes cannot fail to be an object of general interest, permit me to mention one particular, in which, it appears, a considerable improvement might be introduced to rural districts.

Those who are in habits of familiarity with recluse parts of the country must be aware of the very great difficulty the peasant finds in procuring, with tolerable advantage, even the humble necessaries to which his earnings are equivalent. In many instances a town is at several miles distance. A frequent journey to this mart would evidently occupy too much of the husband's time to be practicable; and the wife, surrounded in all probability by a numerous family, is equally incapable of the undertaking. Very small shops are, consequently, opened in the scattered hamlet; and thither the scanty stipend of the peasant family uniformly goes. As these shops are supplied with the various articles in which they deal from no better a source than the largest retailer of the neighbouring country town, and as nothing bordering on competition can be supposed to exist in the seclusion of a confined village, it naturally occurs that the peasant pays nearly fifty per cent. more for his homely commodities than the mechanic, who possesses the advantage of purchasing of more extensive dealers at a market, rendered advantageous by a spirit of rivalry. The countryman's ten shillings a week, therefore, undergo a most afflictive reduction, in point of absolute value:—an evil that requires little illustration, and which falls with particular severity on the man, whose nominal remuneration for labour has not kept pace with the actual decrease evident in the value of money.* In consequence of this local deterioration of the labourer's income, he gradually incurs a debt which binds him more firmly to the necessity of expending his earnings with the village trader, and compels him to purchase, without a murmur, indifferent articles at a price still more exorbitant than before. The situation of a hopeless debtor is evidently unfavourable to the exercise of industry.—Whether a debt, which there is no rational prospect of discharging, be five pounds or five shillings, is a matter of small moment among those who have not learned honour through the mean of education. The peasant flies to drinking, and his family experience the severe misery of receiving the necessaries procured by daily labour from the hands of a man who never transmits the adulterated pittance without alarming and degrading taunts.

It appears that this grievance, really formidable to the most useful class of men possessed by the empire, might be totally remedied without any great exertion or inconvenience. I would propose a shop to be opened by the parish officers of every country neighbourhood, at which the poor might be served with unadulterated articles, at a profit just sufficient to defray the expenses of the undertaking. The comparatively extensive capital arising from the rates of a parish at large would enable the proprietors to purchase goods at a desirable market. The charge of the establishment

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* The village labourer's pay has not experienced an increase of above one-third within the last fifty years. The price of the common articles of life has more than doubled in the same period. The increase of the poor-rates is a sufficient voucher for the inadequacy of the peasant's remuneration.

would be trivial. Some minor officer of the parish would be willing and able, for a small salary, to superintend the sale of articles in so limited and unembarrassed a concern; and the whole might be periodically inspected, with little additional trouble, by the churchwarden or overseer.

The benefits that must accrue to the humble purchaser are obvious. Without any compulsion, he would possess the opportunity of expending his earnings in an advantageous manner. The impossibility of acquiring goods on trust (as the parish shop would of course sell only for ready money) is a circumstance that must be ultimately beneficial to him. Admitting that the profits of the institution might not, from the superficial accounts of the purchase and sale, altogether defray the expenses; the parish would certainly be gainers in the aggregate, independently of the amendment of manners likely to take place from the system; for the debt of the pauper generally becomes an indirect burthen on the payers to the poor rate, under the present order of things.

This project is not entirely chimerical. A shop, in its essential point resembling that which I recommend to general adoption, has been established by a most amiable character in Oxfordshire,—the Bishop of Durham, whose seat, named Mungwell, is situated in the vicinity of Wallingford. The institution of this philanthropic Prelate is in every desirable shape successful. The peasantry of England will have reason to repeat his Lordship's name with gratitude, should his private example find parochial imitators.

The shops instituted by the proprietors of iron-works in the recluse parts of Wales, likewise exhibit the propriety of the plan. These little marts are established for local accommodation, but they sufficiently prove the efficacy of public shops in neighbourhoods where a competition of sellers is unattainable.

Wishing that these hints may obtain notice through the extensive circulation of your miscellany,

I remain, Sir,

Your's, &c.

J. N. B.

10*th August*, 1809.

Walter Mapes *and the* Latin Poetry *of the* Middle Ages.

Sir,

In "Remaines concerning Brittaine," 1629, folio, the following curious specimen of the Latin jingling poetry of the middle ages occurs. I thought it worthy of transcription, as you perhaps may do of republication: considering the manners of the age, less astonishment will arise from the levity, both of the subject and of the manner, in a churchman, than that an Archdeacon of Oxenforde, which the author was, should so openly impugn a decree of the Pope.

Walter Mapes, in the reign of Henry II, "filled England with his merriments; when the Pope forbad the clergie their wives, became proctor for himself and them with these verses; desiring only for his fee that every priest with his sweetheart would say a paternoster together for him."

Prisciani regula penitus cassatur,
Sacerdos per *hic* et *hæc* olim declinatur;
Sed per *hic* solummodo nunc articulatur,
Cum per nostrum præsulem *hæc* amoveatur.

Ita quidem presbyter cœpit allegare,
Peccat criminaliter qui vult separare
Quod Deus injunxerat, fœminam amare:
Tales dignum duximus fures appellare.

O quam dolor anxius, quam tormentum grave,
Nobis est dimittere quoniam suave!
O Romane pontifex, statuisti prave,
Ne in tanto crimine moriaris, cave.

Non est Innocentius*, imo nocens vere,
Qui quod facto docuit, studet abolere,
Et quod olim juvenis voluit habere,
Modo vetus pontifex studet prohibere.

Gignere nos præcepit vetus testamentum,
Ubi novem prohibet nusquam est inventum:
Præsul qui contrarium donat documentum,
Nullum necessarium his dat argumentum.

Dedit enim Dominus maledictionem
Viro qui non fecerit generationem;
Ergo tibi tonsulo, per hanc rationem,
Gignere ut habeas benedictionem.

Nonne de militibus milites procedunt?
Et reges a regibus, qui sibi succedunt?
Per locum a simili omnes jura lædunt,
Clericos qui gignere crimen esse credunt.

* Nomen Papæ.

Zachariss habuit prolem et uxorem,
Per virum qu m genuit adeptus honorem;
Baptizavit enim nostrum Salvatorem:
Pereat qui teneat novum hunc errorem.

Paulus cœlos rapitur ad superiores,
Ubi multas didicit res secretiores;
Ad nos tandem redens, instruensque mores,
Suas, inquit, habeat quidlibet uxores.

Propter hæc et alia dogmata Doctorum,
Reor esse melius, et magis decorum,
Quisque suam habet, et non proximorum,
Ne incurrat odium et iram eorum.

Proximorum fœminas, filias, et nepotes
Violare nefas est, quare nihil disceptes:
Vere tuam habeas, et in hac delectes,
Diem ut sic ultimum tutius expectes.

Ecce jam pro clericus multum allegavi,
Necnon pro presbyteris plura comprobavi:
Paternoster nunc pro me quoniam peccavi,
Dicat quisque presbyter cum sua suavi.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

S. H. W.

Reygate, 2d June, 1809.

A Week in Paris. *By* Lieut. Colonel Pinkney.

For the Universal Magazine.

THERE is no place in the world, perhaps, more distinguished for literary eminence, in every part of art and science, than Paris. The literary institutions of Paris, therefore, were the objects of my first visit. Every capital has its theatres, public gardens, and palaces; but Paris alone has its public libraries on a scale of equal utility and magnificence. In Paris alone, science seems to be considered as an object of importance to mankind, and therefore as a suitable object for the protection of government. In Paris alone, to say all in a word, the poorest student, the most ragged philosopher, has all the treasures of princes at his command; the National Library opens at his call, and the most expensive books are delivered for his use.

On the morning following my arrival, Mr. Younge accompanied me to the National Library. On entering it, we ascended a most superb staircase painted by Pellegrine, by which we were led to the library on the first floor. It consists of a suit of spacious and magnificent apartments, extending round three sides of a quadrangle. The books are ranged round the sides, according to the order of the respective subjects, and are said to amount to nearly half a million. Each division has an attending librarian, of whom every one may require the book he wishes, and which is immediately delivered to him. Being themselves gentlemen, there is no apprehension that they will accept any pecuniary remuneration; but there is likewise a strict order that no money shall be given to any of the inferior attendants. There are tables and chairs in numbers, and nothing seemed neglected, which could conduce even to the comfort of the readers.

The most complete department of the library is that of the manuscripts. This collection amounts to nearly fifty thousand volumes, and amongst them innumerable letters, and even treatises, by the early kings of France. A manuscript is shewn as written by Louis the Fourteenth: it is entitled, "Memoirs of his own Time, written by the King himself." I much doubt, however, the authenticity of this production. Louis the Fourteenth had other more immediate concerns than writing the history of France. France is full of these literary forgeries. Every king of France, if the titles of the books may be received as a proof of their authenticity, has not only written his life, but written it like a philosopher and historian, candidly confessing his errors and abusing his ministers.

The second floor of the building contains the genealogies of the French families. They are deposited in boxes, which are labelled with the several family names. They are considered as public records, and are only producible in courts of justice, in order to determine the titles to real property. No one is allowed to copy them except by the most special permission, which is never granted but to histriographers of established name and reputation. The cabinet of antiques is stated to be very rich, and, to judge by appearances, is not inferior to its reputation. The collection was made by Caylus. It chiefly consists of vases, busts, and articles of domestic use amongst the

Romans. The greater part of them have been already copied as models, in the ornamenting of furniture, by the Parisian artists. This fashion indeed is carried almost to a mania.—Every thing must be Greek and Roman without any reference to nature or propriety. For example, what could be so absurd as the natural realization of some of these capricious ornaments? What lady would choose to sleep in a bed, up the pillars of which serpents were crawling? Yet is such a realization the only criterion of taste and propriety.

The cabinet of engravings detained us nearly two hours. The portfeuilles containing the prints are distributed into twelve classes. Some of these divisions invited us to a minute inspection. Such was the class containing the French fashions from the age of Clovis to Louis the Sixteenth. In another class was the costume of every nation in the world; in a third, portraits of eminent persons of all ages and nations; and in a fourth, a collection of prints relating to public festivals, cavalcades, tournaments, coronations, royal funerals, &c. France is the only kingdom in the world which possesses a treasure like this, and which knows how to estimate it at its proper value.

From the National Library we drove to the Athenée, a library and lecture institution, supported by voluntary subscription. It is much of the same nature as an institution of a similar kind in London, termed the British Institute; but the French Athenæum has infinitely the advantage. The subscription is cheaper, being about four Louis annually, and the lectures are more elegant, if not more scientific. There are usually three lectures daily; the first on sciences, and the other two on belles lettres. The lecture on science is considered as very able, but those on the belles lettres were merely suited, as I understood, to French frivolity. The rooms were so full as to render our stay unpleasant, and we thereby lost an anatomy lecture, which was about to commence. I should not forget to mention, that all the Parisian journals and magazines, and many of the German periodical works, were lying on the tables, and the library seemed altogether as complete as it was comfortable. The subscribers are numerous, and the institution itself in fashion. How long it will so last, no one will venture to predict.

The library of the Pantheon and that of the Institute finished our morning's occupation. They are both on the same scale and nearly on the same general plan as the National Library. The library of the Institute, however, is only open to foreigners and the members of the Institute. The Institute holds its sitting every month, and, according to all report, is then frivolous enough. I had not an opportunity of being present at one of these sittings, but from what I heard, I did not much regret my disappointment.

We returned home to dress for dinner. Mr. Younge informed me, that he expected a very large party in the evening, chiefly French, and as his lady herself was a French woman, and had arranged her domestic establishment accordingly, I felt some curiosity.

About eight, or nearer nine, Mr. Younge and myself, with two or three other of the dinner company, were summoned up to the drawing-room. The summons itself had something peculiar. The doors of the parlour, which were folding, were thrown open, and two female attendants, dressed like vestals, and holding torches of white wax, summoned us by a low curtsey, and preceded us up the great staircase to the doors of the anti-chamber, where they made another salutation, and took their station on each side. The anti-chamber was filled with servants, who were seated on benches fixed to the wall, but who did not rise on our entry. Some of them were even playing at cards, others at dominos, and all of them seemed perfectly at their ease. The anti-chamber opened by an arched door-way into a handsome room, lighted by a chandelier of the most brilliant cut glass; the pannels of the room were very tastily painted, and the glasses on each side very large, and in magnificent frames. The further extremity of this room opened by folding doors into the principal drawing-room, where the company were collected. It was brilliantly lighted, as well by patent lamps, as by a chandelier in the middle. The fur-

niture had a resemblance to what I had seen in fashionable houses in England. The carpet was of red baise with a Turkish border, and figured in the middle like a harlequin's jacket. The principal novelty was a blue ribbon which divided the room lengthways, the one side of it being for the dancers, the other for the card-players. The ribbon was supported at proper distances by white staves, similar to those of the court ushers.

The ball had little to distinguish it from the balls of England and America, except that the ladies danced with infinitely more skill, and therefore with more grace. The fashionable French dancing is exactly that of our operas. They are all figurantes, and care not what they exhibit, so that they exhibit their skill. I could not but figure to myself the confusion of an English girl, were she even present at a French assembly. Yet so powerful is habit, that not only did the ladies seem insensible, but even the gentlemen, such as did not dance, regarded them with indifference.

Cotillons and waltzes were the only dances of the evening. The waltzes were danced in couples, twenty or thirty at a time. The measure was quick, and all the parties seemed animated. I cannot say that I saw any thing indecorous in the embraces of the ladies and their partners, except in the mere act itself; but the waltz will never become a current fashion in England or America.

There is no precedency in a French assembly except amongst the Military. This is managed with much delicacy. Every group is thrown as much as possible into a circle. The tables are all circular, and cotillons are chiefly preferred from having this quality.

I did not join the card-players: there were about half a dozen tables, and the several parties appeared to play very high. When the game, or a certain number of games were over, the parties rose from their seats, and bowing to any whom they saw near them, invited them to succeed them in their seats. These invitations were sometimes accepted, but more frequently declined. The division of the drawing-room set apart for the card-players served rather as a promenade for the company who did not dance; they here ranged themselves in a line along the ribbon, and criticised the several dancers. Some of these spectators seemed most egregious fops. One of them, with the exception of his linen, was dressed completely in purple silk or satin, and another in a rose-coloured silk coat, with white satin waistcoat and small clothes, and white silk stockings. The greater part of the ladies were dressed in fancy habits from the antique. Some were sphinxes, some vestals, some Dians, half a dozen Minervas, and a score of Junos and Cleopatras. One girl was pointed out to me as being perfectly *à l'Anglaise*.—Her hair, perfectly undressed, was combed off her forehead, and hung down her back in its full length behind. She reminded me only of a school-boy playing without his hat.

We were summoned to the supper-table about three in the morning.—This repast was a perfect English dinner. Soup, fish, poultry, and ragouts, succeeded each other in almost endless variety. A fruit-basket was served round by the servants together with the bread-basket, and a small case of liqueurs was placed at every third plate. Some of these were contained in glass figures of Cupids, in which case, in order to get at the liqueur, it was necessary to break off a small globule affixed to the breast of the figure. The French confectioners are more ingenious than delicate in these contrivances; but the French ladies seemed better pleased with such conceit in proportion to their intelligible references. Some of these naked Cupids, which were perfect in all their parts, were handed from the gentlemen to the ladies, and from the ladies to each other, and as freely examined and criticised, as if they had been paintings of birds. The gentlemen, upon their parts, were equally as facetious upon the naked Venuses; and a swan affixed to a Leda, was the lucky source of innumerable pleasant questions and answers. Every thing, in a word, is tolerated which can in any way be passed into an equivoque. Their conversation in this respect resembles their dress—no matter how thin that covering may be, so that there be one.

So much for a French assembly or fashionable rout, which certainly ex-

cells an English one in elegance and fancy, as much as it falls short of it in substantial mirth. The French, it must be confessed, infinitely excell every other nation in all things connected with spectacle, and more or less this spectacle pervades all their parties. They dance, they converse, they sing, for exhibition, and as if they were on the stage. Their conversation, therefore, has frequently more wit than interest, and their dancing more vanity than mirth. They seem in both respects to want that happy carelessness which pleases by being pleased. A Frenchwoman is a figurante even in her chit-chat.

It may be expected that I did not omit to visit the theatres. Mr. Younge accompanied me successively to nearly all of them—two or three in an evening. Upon this subject, however, I shall say nothing, as every book of travels has so fully described some or other of them, that nothing in fact is further required.

I had resolved not to leave Paris without seeing the emperor, and being informed that he was to hold an audience on the following day, I applied to Mr. Younge to procure my formal introduction. With this purpose we waited upon General Armstrong, who sent my name to the Grand Chamberlain with the necessary formalities.—This formality is a certificate under the hand of the Ambassador, that the person soliciting the introduction has been introduced at his own court, or that, according to the best knowledge of the Ambassador, he is not a Merchant—a *Negociant actuel.* It may be briefly observed, however, that the French Negotiant answers better to the English Mechanic, than to the honourable appellation, Merchant.—General Armstrong promised me a very interesting spectacle in the Imperial audience. "It's the most splendid Court in Europe," said he: "the Court of London, and even of Vienna, will not bear a comparison with it." Every one agreed in the justice of this remark, and my curiosity was strongly excited.

On the day appointed, about three o'clock, Mr. Younge accompanied me to the Palace, where we were immediately conducted to a splendid saloon, which is termed the Ambassadors' hall. Refreshments were here handed round to the company, which was very numerous, and amongst them many German Princes in their grand court dress.—The conversation became very general; those who had seen Bonaparte describing him to those who were about to be introduced. Every one agreed that he was the most extraordinary man that Europe had produced in many centuries, and that even his appearance was in no slight degree indicative of his character. "He possesses an eye," said one gentleman, "in which Lavater might have understood an hero." Mr. Younge confirmed this observation, and prepared me to regard him with more than common attention.

The doors of the saloon were at length thrown open, and some of the officers of the Grand Chamberlain, with white wands and embroidered robes and scarfs, bowing low to the company, invited us, by waving their staves, to follow them up the grand staircase.—Every one now arranged themselves, in pairs, behind their respective Ambassadors, and followed the ushers in procession, according to the precedence of their respective countries, the Imperial, Spanish, and Neapolitan Ambassadors forming the van. The staircase was lined on both sides with grenadiers of the Legion of Honour, most of whom, privates as well as officers, were arrayed in the order. The officers, as we passed, exchanged salutes with the Ambassadors; and as the Imperial Ambassador, who led the procession, reached the door of the anti-chamber, two trumpeters on each side played a congratulatory flourish. The ushers who had led us so far, now took their stations on each side the door, and others, in more splendid habits, succeeded them in the office of conducting us.

We now entered the anti-chamber, in which was stationed the regular guard of the palace. We were here saluted both by privates and officers, the Imperial Guard being considered as part of the household. From the anti-chamber we passed onwards through nearly a dozen most splendid apartments, and at length reached the presence chamber.

My eyes were instantly in search of the Emperor, who was at the farther

extremity, surrounded by a numerous circle of officers and counsellors. The circle opened on our arrival, and withdrew behind the Emperor. The whole of our company now ranged themselves, the Ambassadors in front, and their several countrymen behind their respective Ministers.

Bonaparte now advanced to the Imperial Ambassador, with whom, when present, he always begins the audience. I had now an opportunity to regard him attentively. His person is below the middle size, but well composed; his features regular, but in their *tout ensemble* stern and commanding; his complexion sallow, and his general mien military. He was dressed very splendidly in purple velvet, the coat and waistcoat embroidered with gold bees, and with the grand star of the Legion of Honour worked into the coat.

He passed no one without notice, and to all the Ambassadors he spoke once or twice. When he reached General Armstrong, he asked him, whether America could not live without foreign commerce as well as France? and then added, without waiting for his answer, "There is one nation in the world which must be taught by experience, that her Merchants are not necessary to the existence of all other nations, and that she cannot hold us all in commercial slavery:—England is only sensible in her compters."

The audience took up little less than two hours, after which the Emperor withdrew into an adjoining apartment; and the company departed in the same order, and with the same appendages, as upon their entrance.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

SIR,

I MUST beg leave to say, through your repository, that I laboured under a misapprehension, to whatever cause it was owing, when, in my Memoir of the excellent Mr. Lindsey, which appeared in the Magazine for May, I referred to "a fortune falling to him by the death of a friend;" as I am informed since, on the best authority, that "no such circumstance ever took place."

"Considerations on the Expediency of revising the Liturgy," mentioned in the enumeration of Mr. Lindsey's works, I understand did not proceed from *his* pen, but that of Dr. Watson Bishop of Landaff.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
JOSHUA TOULMIN.

Birmingham, 5th August, 1809.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

NUBILIA *in* SEARCH *of a* HUSBAND; *including Sketches of Modern Society, and interspersed with Moral and Literary Disquisitions.* 1 vol. 8vo. 9s. pp. 400. Sherwood & Co. 1809.

[*Concluded from p.* 38.]

THE tranquillity and happiness which Nubilia so particularly enjoyed were, at length, interrupted by the death of her father, which opened to her a sphere of action at once new and important. She was now to exchange the placid enjoyments of a country life for the busy turmoil of the city. She was to leave the spot endeared to her by her infant sports and infant happiness, and to enter upon a scene beset with dangers and with difficulties; but it was in this scene that the falsity or validity of the principles under which she had been educated was to be tried. A short time before her father breathed his last, he informed her of the place in which he had deposited his papers, amongst which she would find two letters on the subject of a platonic affection, which he entertained for the wife of a friend. Without entering into the merits of the case, or disputing the possibility of mere platonic love, we do not hesitate to pronounce the letter of Nubilia's father to be the most exceptionable part of the work, at the same time that it possesses truths which ought to be

engraven on the minds of every married couple. The picture which he draws of marriage is beautiful, but it is a picture existing only in the brain of the theorist; for we look for it in vain in our intercourse with the world. We will transcribe the part, for the benefit of those who are not so fortunate as to possess the work:—

"Marriage has appeared to me a deity of enchanting loveliness: her eye effused the mildness of innocence, her tongue spoke the language of perfect harmony and peace; her breast treasured up the liberal virtues, and her thoughts were spotless as the bosom of a summer sky; her conduct was the visible language of her heart; her brow shewed no insulting taunt; the mean passions of our nature never dimmed the lustre of her countenance; her mind, generous as the hand of warm benevolence, disdained to harbour low suspicions, blushed to exact a servile devotion, abhorred the foulness of jealousy; in her bosom dwelt enshrined the precious pledge she had given at the altar; daily and hourly she turned to it, and reverenced its mandates; it was her pride, her happiness, her joy. In that bosom dwelt, too, a living source of human love, whence darted rays to various points, as warm, as glowing, as those that centre now in one beloved object; but they wanted that nameless energy which then informed them. Conscious of purity, she honoured the human heart too much to fix insidious doubts on all its movements; pleased to think nobly of the object she had selected for her especial love, she delighted only to see in it all that dignifies and elevates our nature:—oh, my friend, there is *my* idol! I call upon you, upon the world, to do homage: discard the painted image that has so long deluded you: see here a chaste and pure one: for myself I could kneel with unfeigned devotion before a deity so propitious to human happiness: I can do reverence to any thing that robs us of our vices, our prejudices, and our errors, and gives us peace and virtue in their stead!

"But let me be more explicit. I am deeply interested in this question: it has occupied my thoughts since I have had the power of thought; and I am anxious to be clearly understood, because I have already suffered some odium from my strict adherence to my own opinions upon it.

"It is a low and sordid idea, that marriage ought to place a bar between the intercourse of the sexes; I mean between that intercourse which exists within the boundaries of personal contamination. The wish of such a restriction must have arisen, first, in the mind of some degraded being, who drew his maxims of morality from the corrupted volume of his own breast. Besides, it is demanding an impossibility; it is enforcing the necessity of systematical deception: it is torturing the heart with a perpetual conflict between bigotted duty and unsophisticated nature. What! does the moral system sustain a complete revolution the moment a priest has pronounced a few words; have we no longer eyes; are our senses obscured; do we cease to be human? If we are none of these, how then can we perform what implies the existence of all? Believe it not. Though thousands may discharge this bitter task, yet, would they speak the solemn language of truth, they would tell you that it has been a task of horror: tears would gush forth at the very recollection of what they had endured. Can it be otherwise while the selfish system is maintained, which appropriates human nature like the beast of the field, and chains, with despotic force, the sympathies of the heart?

"I own I am at a loss to conceive why this should be so. The duties of the married state are of a plain and simple nature: they demand no extraordinary energy of character to fulfil. They are sometimes enough to occupy the meanest of our faculties; while the higher are left undirected. Is the sphere of human affection necessarily so contracted that it can embrace only one object? and will it be said, that a married person is incapacitated from discharging the duties of his station, if he suffer a new passion to possess his heart? It will be answered—yes: but they who answer thus, answer from the impulse of unworthy feelings.

"Why is marriage a state so proverbially unhappy, than even children learn to jeer it? Because it is

set in opposition to nature. Men have hemmed it in with thorns and briars; they have, to a certain degree, disunited it from the world; every step within the pale, is agony; every step beyond, is infamy. Suspicion, envy, jealousy, and all the rankling passions of little minds rear their horrid crests in the van: behind, sorrow, tears, and anguish walk an eternal round. Injustice, too, has laid her cruel hand upon it: man, as the lawgiver, has been lenient to himself; but he has been a sanguinary tyrant to the other sex: he claims exemptions and immunities, which he denies to them: he disdains himself to wear the fetters he has forged for his companion."

This letter has been censured as containing principles subversive of morality and the established interests of society. We have heard it quoted as of the most dangerous tendency, and advocating the cause of marriage infidelity. Were that opinion founded on truth, we should be the first to expose it in its hideous colours, and "seek the hidden monster to his den." But, notwithstanding the latitudinarian principles which it inculcates, it glows with beauties, which cannot fail to excite the admiration and applause of every enlarged and liberal mind. Unfortunately, to some minds truth is a poison of the most deleterious kind, and they turn from the view of it with horror. Every detection of error, every innovation of principles, with the basis of which they are unacquainted, and for which they dare not search, as it might on a sudden expose to them the egregious errors under which they labour, is decryed and pointed out by them, as tending to introduce a laxity of morals and contempt of religion and virtue. Thus many are afraid to search for the causes of the misery, which is now so often the attendant on the married state; for a secret voice proclaims that they would find those causes in themselves, and in the unnatural shackles which are now imposed on the married state. We would particularly recommended the following passage to the perusal of our female readers. It will prove an useful lesson both to the married and the unmarried. It will teach the former not to render her husband miserable by her constant suspicions of his infidelity, if he dare to converse with another female on terms of friendship; and it will teach the latter the rocks on which connubial felicity is wrecked.

"And will it be said, that if this new object be cherished with love and affection, there must necessarily be a falling off in the sincerity of the conjugal duties? If it be so, the cause is to be sought in a radical defect of the moral system of the delinquent, not in the feelings now excited. A man or woman of real honour, of delicate and refined principles, is incapable of vice; they view it with horror and disgust. They are neither so volatile nor so depraved as to quit the path of strict integrity, and follow every wandering meteor that happens to cross their steps; but neither are they so self-debased as to shrink from the reception and nurture of all honourable, interesting, and consolatory feelings. What may be termed *love* is a sort of aerial existence; it lives in sighs and looks, that are full of imaginary meanings; its hopes and fears, its half-suppressed delights, form a source of exquisite enjoyment to elevated, and only to elevated minds; its highest raptures are those which are farthest removed from sense; its most exalted charms are but visionary dreams that hover round the infected mind; its most precious gifts are words of dubious kindness where the heated fancy has full room to act and point their application. This mental, this spiritual passion is capable of imparting such joys to the life of man, that the full heart rests satiated with indefinable delights. And I ask you most seriously, my friend, what prejudice to the marriage state can arise from the existence of such a passion in conjunction with every legitimate and just feeling that belongs to this state? What is detracted from it? Nothing. What duty is impeded by its presence? None. It is only a secondary inmate of the heart, in which a superior dwells enshrined, and must for ever dwell unless the sanctuary be already corrupted. With the latter it never can contend, for its wishes and desires are opposite. It serves to embellish and enliven the road of life, by opening new opportunities for

pleasure; it improves and enlarges the sphere of affection, and it serves to generate a feeling of ourselves, a decent and a laudable pride in viewing ourselves esteemed and beloved without even the apprehension of an interested motive.

"I know you will say that this pure and immaculate picture can rarely be found, or, if found, it must be in very exalted and liberal bosoms: and that the dissemination of such a principle would lead to injury, because only a chosen few are capable of receiving it in a proper way. I do not deny all this. Corrupt and degraded minds will extract poison from any thing: but this has nothing to do with the possibility of such a passion taking place in purer natures. Shall we hate the sun because he breeds maggots in carrion as well as spreads the smiling harvest o'er the land?

"'But,' you say, 'what return can I expect? Here seems to you all the difficulty and all the danger.'—What return can I expect! The equivalent of what I give—purity and honour. Step forth, stern moralist, and level all your thunders here, they will fall in vain: shew, if you can, that God or nature has ordained one object only to the feeling heart; that love, chaste and spotless as the hopes of consanguinity, pure as the pleasures of kindred minds, cannot build its throne within the precincts of wedded faith and duty. Do you not think, my friend, that when you would thus contract the circle of human affection, when you would establish the impossibility of such virtue as I here speak of, you pronounce a bitter and unmerited reproach upon mankind? What is there so saintly or so holy, what is there so austerely sanctimonious in such connections, that you should suppose them either chimerical or dangerous? Heavens! have we then sunk so despicably low that moderate virtue is to be gazed at as a phenomenon, or derided as an imposture? Is the age for ever passed, in which honour, and integrity, and purity, and worth, may mingle with the deeds of man and find a generous confidence in human kind? Labour not so industriously to degrade your fellow creatures. More harm has been done to the cause of morals by the cynical declamations and peevish doubts of those who exhort to the practice of virtue, than by the most open and wanton incentives to vice that debased minds can fabricate. It can hardly be conceived, with what a noble energy a man is incited to the pursuit of all that is great and noble, who is already believed to be sincere and successful in his endeavours: but the bursting flame is most certain to be extinguished by cold and sullen doubts, by morose prognostics of failure and by subtle insinuations of insincerity. Suspicion is a baleful canker that undermines with deadly force: a generous mind, caught in its toils, shrinks from the contest, and disdains a vindication: nor is this all; disgusted with a world in which the garb of innocence is no protection from wrongs and insult, it abandons the hopeles career, and, in order to be social, becomes depraved. There cannot be a situation more hateful, or more afflictive to a truly liberal and ingenuous person, than to be suspected of equivocal or disgraceful conduct, at the very moment when every impulse of his heart, when every thought and every feeling is sacred to virtue. Stung with indignation to be so pestered by the gross conceptions of vulgar minds, he scorns to explain, and rather chooses to walk his road, upheld by the proud consciousness of his own integrity, dignified and unbending amid the gathering taunts of ignorance and malevolence, than stoop to soothe the causeless rancour by what might be deemed a compulsory justification. Even so my friend I might have disdained to appeal from my own heart to your judgment; and if, in this case, I have shewn a docility not native to me, ascribe it to that fervid friendship for you which animates my heart and ever must animate it while I remain sensible of my own existence. But I exhort you to discard, what I cannot but consider as a prejudice of no common magnitude: think nobly of your species when you can: believe me, it were better and more honourable to confess that successful villainy had practised on your generous and manly confidence, than to boast with what expert collusion you have foiled knaves at their own game, while you have, at the same

time perhaps, planted a thorn in the breast of innocence and truth. Remember, there is no virtue really unattainable to an ardent mind engaged in the pursuit."

At the close of the eighth book we find Nubilia and her uncle discoursing on the respective merits of some of the English poets: but we cannot assent to the position, that a poet cannot write a pastoral, because he has not been brought up in the country. Thomson, to whose judgment in poetic matters we certainly bow with deference, held the same opinion; and when he was informed that Glover, a citizen of London, was engaged in an epic poem, he exclaimed, "He write an epic poem, who never saw a mountain?" But Leonidas appeared, and Thomson acknowledged his error.

On the arrival of Nubilia in London she is introduced to the follies of fashionable life, and is condemned to listen to the senseless and unmeaning rant of fops, loungers, and members of the Whip Club, who are *lashed* with a severity due to such an exalted situation. At last she is introduced to a Mr. Vaughan, who, by the cool and irresistible force of simple argument, overcame Mr. Thomson in polemics; and by a force of argument, perhaps not quite so cool, but equally irresistible, overcame every argument which Nubilia could adduce against the passion of love. In the enumeration of his virtues, Nubilia says, "Where there is dignity of mind, there cannot be frivolity of character." Were not the whole work thickly strewn with specimens of a deep and extended knowledge of man, were it not evidently the labour of a well stored and penetrating mind, we should be apt to ascribe the sentiment of the passage just quoted to a superficial knowledge of mankind. It unfortunately happens, and it is a phenomenon in the human character, that where the greatest dignity of mind exists, it is generally attended with the greatest frivolity of character. Montaigne spent often an hour at a time in playing with a kitten, and Buffon took a pleasure in preserving the clippings of his finger nails; Arbuthnot amused himself in pinning pieces of paper to the coats of his companions, and sending them forth into the street to be laughed at. The late Lord Monboddo possessed a dignity of mind superlatively great, but in many respects he was the most frivolous character that ever existed. A living divine, to whom England is indebted for the instruction of two of its greatest ornaments, who, in the scale of deep erudition and science, stands the foremost in his country, is but the prototype of Lord Monboddo in frivolity of character. We do not dispute that dignity of mind may exist without frivolity of character; but we have adduced instances sufficient to prove that they are not heterogeneous.

In an argument on suicide the opinions of Mr. Vaughan deserve particular notice, and it is with pleasure we offer to our readers the following extract:—

"'Do you then think suicide a crime?' asked Sir William Stanley.

"'Without referring to religion,' answered Mr. Vaughan, 'I will answer your question by another. Is there any man, so insulated from his fellow creatures, as to be wholly unconnected with them in any respect whatsoever? If such a contradiction could exist, self-murder might admit of palliation perhaps. But as this contradiction *cannot* exist, as every man is connected with other human beings in some relation or other; as he has duties to perform; and as his neglect of those duties would not be a virtue, it is impossible that it can be otherwise than a crime, to do that which renders this neglect inevitable and eternal. If too there is a general chain of being, and every man, when he is born into the world, is born into it for the performance of certain actions, necessary, it may be, to the universal system of existence, how can he snap that chain asunder without being criminal? The disorder which may be occasioned in the plan of creation by the premature destruction of one of its parts, may be great, though not known to us, because a finite intellect cannot comprehend an infinite design: and the miseries which we endure may be a necessary part of the whole. No one, in my

opinion, can defend self-murder, who admits the existence of a deity and his attributes. Human wisdom, as derived from human actions, will serve us here. We admit that the Almighty has placed us in this world for purposes, of which part is known to us and part is concealed. It is allowed that we are his creatures; and it is known that he has assigned a particular limitation, an appointed period, in which we shall be called away from the discharge of those functions which are allotted to us here. This period is natural death, as arising from physical or other causes, produced by God. Let us now imagine that a man hires a servant to do certain work, and that a contract is entered into between the master and this servant, that a certain time shall elapse before the latter shall be at liberty to renounce his office——'

"'Aye,' interrupted Mr. Thomson, 'but the case is not in point. There is no contract between man and the Almighty.'

"'There certainly is a virtual contract,' replied Mr. Vaughan, 'between the Creator and the created, and a contract of far greater obligation and of higher import, than any that can take place between man and man.—The efficacy of this contract is admitted as often as we admit the attributes of God; and he who does *not* admit these attributes has no right to be considered as a rational being. The case, therefore, as I stated it, though 'comparing great things with small,' appears to me to be sufficiently analogous for my purpose. The company, I dare say, can anticipate what will be my application. It will not, surely, be said that this servant, having made this contract, has a right to abrogate it by his own act; for, to a condition which is established by two persons, it is requisite that the same two (or some other two invested with adequate powers by the original parties) should concur to its repeal. It is evident, also, that much inconvenience, and perhaps injury, would result to the master by the desertion of the servant.'

"'But you forget,' replied Mr. Thomson, 'that the servant might consider ill treatment as a sufficient plea for annulling the contract.'

"'By that, you mean to insinuate, that the misfortunes of life, as proceeding from the Author of all, are analogous to ill treatment from the master to the servant. But here the comparison will not hold. Actions between man and man, are known to be good or bad by their immediate effects. If one man strike another and fracture a limb; or if he deprives him of food, of clothing, or abridges him in any of his comforts, such actions are acknowledged and felt to be wrong, because they are injurious, and because we have no reason to expect ultimate benefit, or to attribute, to the perpetrator, other motives than such as are bad. But, in all that proceeds from God, we may without offence to reason, and we ought, in the conviction of our own ignorance, to believe that perfect wisdom and justice are the motives; that nothing can be wrong in reference to him, and that, consequently, none of his dispensations can be considered as a justification of our destroying that tacit covenant which we enter into. These reasonings, which have for their foundation no other basis than that of nature, have, I confess, always appeared to me sufficiently cogent to overthrow the flimsy sophistry which some have urged in support of the propriety of suicide. But, beyond these, there is a positive inhibition from the mouth of God himself; at least I shall always think so, till I can be convinced that the fifth commandment of the decalogue is meant to apply only to the destruction of others; and, were I tempted to commit so mad and guilty a deed, I hope I should rather exclaim with Shakspeare,—

> Against self-slaughter
> There is a prohibition so divine
> That cravens my weak hand.'

"'I am wholly of your opinion,' replied my uncle, 'and I have always considered suicide as an act which is warranted neither by nature nor by religion.'

"'It is a favourite doctrine with its abettors,' said Mr. Vaughan, 'to consider life as an intended blessing, and as a state into which they have been forced. They then argue, that if the blessing be withdrawn, and if that state into which they have been forced be rendered insupportable from

calamity, there is no reason why they should continue it. But there is so much impiety in this, that it deserves no refutation.'

" 'Nay,' added Captain Torrington, 'they even go so far as to maintain that Providence never meant his creatures to be unhappy; and that, when they become so, it is an acceptable act to the deity to avoid it by voluntary death.'

" 'That,' said my uncle, 'arises from a very common fallacy. Men are apt to regard only single attributes of the Almighty. They consider his mercy, but forget his justice; and infinite mercy, they think, cannot cause misery.'

" 'And they think rightly,' rejoined Mr. Thomson, in a triumphant tone.

" 'The perversions of our reason are so numerous,' said Mr. Vaughan, 'and so easy, that when a man is resolved to cavil, what is there that cannot be disputed? The plainest duties of life may be obscured by misrepresentation. But he who seeks for truth with a mind willing to find it, and a heart humble enough to hear its voice, will never seek in vain. The pride of reason is a fruitful source of error, inconsistency, and guilt. I pity those, whose minds are like a sieve, that lets through the grains of gold, and keeps only the chaff. And there is nothing more easy than this sort of opposition to truth; for,

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would seek for pearls must dive below.' "

During the course of Nubilia's career, we have ever considered her as gifted with peculiar intellectual powers; we regret, therefore, that at the close of it she should give us any cause to alter that opinion. Sophocles says, Ιυνυι γυναξι χοσμου ησυχη φερει. But Nubilia differs from that opinion, and is "*resolved to speak*" on a subject with which she is evidently not conversant. We allude to her remarks on German literature; nor is Mr. Vaughan (who *en passant* appears to have been first struck with the shaft of love, when he discovered that Nubilia was a proficient in the German language) nor Mr. Carson more happy in their strictures. In the Piccolomini,* Nubilia admires the silliest song which was ever penned by the hand of a genius, like Schiller, and quotes a line, the rhythm of which she calls expressive, but which, we believe, has been more ridiculed in the native country of the author than the famous line of Thomson in Tancred and Sigismunda. Even in this country, it has been justly burlesqued in the following line:—

"The dumplings they tumble, and up and up."

We, however, agree with Mr. Vaughan, that the translation of the German authors has been, in general, undertaken by persons inadequate to the task: but we are afraid that, had Nubilia favoured us with her version of the speech of Maximilian Piccolomini, it would have pleased us as little, as it did herself; and we will say to Mr. Vaughan, for his compliance to the opinions of Nubilia,—

Welch wunderwerk hat oft ein schöner
blick gethan,
Wie manches richters herz der fur kein
geld betrogen,
Hat eine Phryne brust zum falschen sprach
bewogen.

By means of a letter, in which we suppose Mr. Vaughan's irresistible arguments were expressed, he discloses his passion for Nubilia; and Nubilia finds in him the husband of whom she was in search.

Having minutely examined the respective parts of the work, we have only to pass our general opinion of it. It evidently flows from an enlightened and philosophic mind. It abounds with glowing sentiments of virtue and morality, at the same same that it shines with the more dazzling light of science and philosophy. We do not find in it the cant of religion, though it warmly inculcates those principles on which true religion is founded. It does not picture religion a bugbear, nor shew a God of mercy with a sword of terror in his hand. It shews us the path which leads to happiness, not set with thorns, but spread with roses of the brightest hues. No person, we af-

* Nubilia calls the play *Wallenstein*; whereas it is *Die Piccolomini oder Wallensteins Tod.*

firm, can rise from the perusal of Nubilia without advantage to himself. But let not the mere novelist take up the book with the hope of finding a series of adventures, from which all probability is banished, and which poison the mind by depicturing the world different than it is. In Nubilia, man is depictured as he is. Perfection is not given to imperfection: and if man be drawn in a gloomy character, the cause is to be sought for in the depravity of his nature, and in a dereliction from the established principles of virtue. We have risen from the perusal of the work with peculiar gratification. Instruction is blended with amusement, and Nubilia is well entitled to rank with the best productions of the day.

Although the language is, in some places, stiff and bombastic, yet on the whole it is animated and elegant. But we noticed the following inaccuracies, which, however, may, in some degree perhaps, be attributed to the short space of time in which the work was composed.

As a specimen of tautology we select the following,—

"Or wish to *recollect* with solemn *reminiscence*."—p. 22.

The following is a gross deviation from grammar,—

"It was a mournful and yet a pleasing spectacle to behold the groupe of young and old, male and female, that *was* assembled in the church-yard to pay the testimony of *their* tears," &c. —p. 163.

Again,—

"For no persuasion *or* entreaty." —p. 356.

"To observe, that where virtue, truth, and liberty erect their standard, there arts, science, knowledge, polished life, ascend in gradual progress to the *highest*."—p. 556.

Cum multis aliis.

R. H.

THE LASH; *a Satire, without Notes.* pp. 48. 1809.

IF there is not much vigour in this satire, there is, at least, good intention; and no one will deny that the *lash* is properly applied in the following lines:—

"From whose pert quill our daily insults fall,
Senseless and foul as B—d—n's weekly scrawl;
That literary quack so debonnaire,
Born of the Lord knows whom,—the Lord knows where;
(Save that his *Patriot* has proclaim'd him sprung
From some proud *Phœnix* ashes,—or its dung!
Perchance some mongrel union gave him life,
Some printer's devil on some newsman's wife!)
Ready he stands, fair virtue to attack,
Of all his crew the veriest hackney'd hack;
By *his* foul pen our heroes fame must smart,
—Nay, such the baseness of his vip'rous heart,
Before he'd spare the truly just and good,
He'd spit his venom on a Saviour's blood!"

The above lines are not without force: but they are the best in the poem.

THE ITINERANT; *or,* MEMOIRS *of an* ACTOR. *By* S. W. RYLEY. 3 *vols.* 1808.

WE have seldom perused a work of more amusement than this. If we allow Mr. Ryley to have seen only half what he relates, he has seen enough. We cannot, indeed, assent unconditionally to the assurance in the preface, that the "incidents are founded on *facts*;" for we consider the episode of Camelford and his associates as altogether improbable, though highly amusing and interesting as a narrative. Several other parts too of the work, bear the impress of invention: yet, with all these deductions, there remains enough of reality to give zest to the whole.

We consider Mr. Ryley as possessing very considerable powers of lively narration. His language is easy and natural, and his delineation of character is often excellent. His morality too is good, and his humanity is unequivocally displayed.

The following narrative will exhibit our author's manner:—

"As we reclined on a bank, close by the pathway, an old soldier, whose silver hair, and cleanly appearance, commanded respect, and who had lost a leg and an eye in the service of his country, limped along, and as he pass-

ed, requested our honors would bestow a copper, to purchase tobacco; with an irresistible impulse, I dropped my last sixpence into his hat, whilst my prudent friend, whose father presided as head of the parish, examined the veteran on points of parochial import. "Why did he beg? the laws of this country made ample provision for the poor; and for the disabled soldier, a pension might be obtained by proper application." "Why, I'll tell your honours. As to Chelsea, I've got that, but seven pounds a year won't go far now a days; and as to the parish, damme if ever I trouble it again.—That is the place," looking back at the village, whilst the tear stood in his eye, "which gave me birth; with an intention to end my days there, about a month since, I took a garret, and said to myself, 'Jerome, thou mayst rest thy old bones, for with the assistance of a trifle from the parish, thy small remnant of life will pass in comfort.'—But, gemmen, I was reckoning without my host—the heart of a parish officer is as hard as the butt end of a musket—They've kill'd poor Bibo, and old Jerome's turn'd out to beg his bread."

"The old soldier seem'd much agitated in uttering the last sentence, and as we were at a loss to understand what was meant by "killing Bibo," I requested him to be more explicit.—"Why thus it is your honors,—it's damn'd foolish for an old soldier to stand whimpering like a woman, but when I think of Bibo, though he was but a brute, and had not a soul to be saved, I can't help chuckling.—I believe there's one quid left in the corner of my box"—saying this, he cram'd the tobacco into his mouth, wiped his eye, squirted out a quantity of saliva, and proceeded.—"Twenty-four years I served under the brave Captain Howard, in the 5th regiment of foot, and a better gemman—God rest his soul—never lived—the last six years of his life, he took me into his house as a kind of *valedy sham*; he had no family except Bibo, a Newfoundland dog, which he lov'd like a child; for when the noble captain served abroad, he once fell overboard, and Bibo saved his life. His honor was not very rich, he was too generous to be rich, it was as much as he could do to make both ends meet; however, he took care to keep Bibo, as fat as a pig; and I've often heard him say, if he died first, he'd leave Bibo a fortune; but Lord help him, he had no fortune to leave, for when he lay on his death bed, he ordered me to sell his gold watch to buy nourishment. 'Jerome,' said he, 'take care of my dog, the life that he once sav'd I am going to resign into the hands of him that made us both.' He soon after died, and Bibo was left to my care. I had some regard Gemmen, you will think, for the poor animal, for you know the old saying, 'love me, love my dog,' and though I had nothing left but my pension, I thought if I retired to my own village, I might be able to live, as I said before, with a little help from the parish; so after the funeral, I set off with Bibo at my heels, determined to beg as soon as my money was done, which could not last long, being only a new crown piece, the captain gave me, and sixpenny-worth of copper, to travel 70 miles. Perhaps, Gemmen, you are tired,—I'd better be hobbling on—it will do *you* no good to *hear* my story, and it grieves *me* to *tell* it."

"We assured him we were much interested, and begg'd he would proceed. "Well then, thus it is,—but if you please I'll sit down, because you know your honors, when a man has but one leg, he can't stand so well as if he had two! Ah I shall never forget the day I lost the fellow to this; it was taken off by a shot at Bunker's Hill.—As I lay on the ground, the captain passing by me as he left the field, (for you see our forces were on the retreat, and it was as much as his life was worth to stay a minute) got me by the hand, and said, 'Jerome, God bless thee,'—and may God bless *him*—and he *will* bless him too;—for I can tell your honors——"

"We now reminded him, that in his affection for his master, he seemed to have forgotten the sequel to Bibo.—"Very true, very true"—running his finger round his empty box, in hopes of finding another quid,—"very true, I had got a little out of the road to be sure, Bunker's Hill is not the way to Saddleworth.—Well then, Gemmen, thus it is——Old Jerome hobbled on pretty stoutly, and Bibo waddled after, at the rate of about one mile an hour;

to make short of my story—the crown piece lasted till we reached Manchester—there I began to beg for the first time—but I can't tell how it was—whether, not being used to the *trade*, I set about it *clumsily*, I don't know, but—no one would give me a farthing. It's very hard thought I, that an old soldier, who has lost a leg and an eye in defence of his country, should find no one willing to give him a trifle, to help him on the road—at length an old lady approached, and was in the act of presenting something, when Bibo caught her eye—she ask'd 'whose dog he was?' 'mine, an' please your ladyship'—'indeed!' said she, drawing her hand away, 'if you can afford to keep a dog, you can't want my assistance.' —'Poor Bibo!' said I——Bibo heard me—look'd up, and wagg'd his tail—'aye aye, poor fellow! wag away' thought I, 'if I can get thee to my own parish, thou shalt be safely laid up for life.——Would you believe it Gemmen? I did not get one halfpenny the whole day—some talk'd of a *pass*—others threaten'd the *New Bailey*—neither Bibo or myself had tasted since morning—night was coming on, no place of shelter appeared ready to receive our weary limbs——as I lean'd on my crutch, debating—Bibo shook himself, as much as to say, 'Jerome it's very cold'—when the noise of a new brass collar, the captain bought just before he died, put a thought in my head, that procured us meat, drink, and lodging. That collar, said I to myself, is of no use—better for Bibo to be without *collar*, than without *meat*; so I took it off—went to a shop, and sold it for fifteen pence—though it had cost five shillings not a month before—with this money I purchased the following articles; four pennyworth of cheese, a pint of beer, a twopenny straw bed, and three pennyworth of tobacco."

"Refreshed, and praising God for all things, we set off at five o'clock the next morning, and by night reached my native place. Twenty-five years ago, I took on to be a soldier; during that time, nearly all my friends were dead; those who remained, not knowing me, would render me no assistance, except a night's lodging, and advised an immediate application to the parish. Seeing how matters were, I waited on the *commanding officer*, and made known my situation. Says I, 'Your Honor'—for I thought I'd honor him, though he was but a tailor—so, 'your Honor,' says I, 'my name is Jeromy Antrobus; my father was sexton of this parish for forty years; I've been twenty-five years in the army—lost a leg and an eye, as you see—and am laid by as useless, with a pension of seven pounds a year; but that, you know, is not enough to keep soul and body together; so I'm come to your Honor for a little relief, to help out with.' Now it rain'd very hard, gemmen, and standing with my hat off, almost bald, as you see, I ask'd leave to walk in; for he peep'd out at a little wicket casement, which, I am told, goes by the name of the *Devil's Picture-frame* amongst the poor.—However, I was not admitted; but he held out his hand, and dropp'd into my hat eighteen pennyworth of bad copper, saying, 'he knew nothing about me, but would call at my quarters.' I am told he makes a pretty penny of these bad halfpence; for he buys them in at ten shillings in the pound, and makes the poor take them for their full value.

"Next day, this d—n'd tailor call'd: God forgive me, I can't help swearing when I think of him—the curse of the poor will follow him to the grave—I say, gemmen, he came to my quarters, and the churchwarden with him. I had just breakfasted on three parts of a basin of milk and bread, and Bibo was eating up the fourth, when the tailor, as stiff as buckram, came into the cellar. As soon as he saw the dog, he exclaimed, 'What! a pauper keep a dog at the expense of the parish!' With these words, he up with his stick and gave the poor brute such a blow under the ear, that he dropp'd, and never rose again.

"You may think, gemmen, an old soldier would not sit long quiet in a situation of this kind; so I made shift to shoulder my stick, and, with the first volley, *brought down* the tailor's hat and wig; but before I could *rally* my *forces*, for another *attack*, they beat a *retreat*; and it would have done your hearts good, to have heard the churchwarden, and the overseer calling for assistance, against a poor cripple, who had but one leg to stand upon. A mob

was soon collected, who, being properly informed how matters stood, cursed the hard-hearted village tyrant—made a grave for my poor Bibo, which I soaked with my tears—and am now, as you see, tracing my weary way back to Manchester."

"The veteran drew his hand across his eyes, rose up, and prepared for his departure. My friend rose at the same time—'Stop, honest Jerome!—perhaps we may have it in our power to serve you; all overseers are not cursed with the disposition of neighbour Staytape.' By this time, my companion had torn a leaf out of his pocket-book, and hastily sketched a few lines with a pencil.—'About a mile hence, at the foot of yonder hill, you see a white house—take this note as directed, and in an hour I shall be there myself.'—The old soldier placed the note in his empty tobacco-box, and, with 'God bless your Honors,' slowly hobbled on his way.

"After a pause, my friend William said, with a sigh, 'Here is another proof of the depravity of human nature. I believe this poor man's story; for I know the tailor well—he is a wretch! Constant in all the *outward forms of religion*, he turns over the leaves of his prayer-book, and is louder than any of the congregation in vociferating its contents; yet, the first of all Christian virtues, *Charity*, he is as much a stranger to, as if he had never heard the name.'"

The following presents a different kind of writing:—

"Many of my theatrical readers will remember PENN with some degree of pleasure; for he was an actor above the common stamp. He had the grand requisites—an expressive eye—features well calculated to pourtray the passions, and a strong, articulate voice. In opposition to these advantages, his person was awkward, and his deportment ungraceful; he had neither the appearance nor the gait of a gentleman; in consequence of being brought up a school-master, he was pedantic in the extreme. Could these disadvantages have been corrected or overlooked, Penn would have been in high estimation, and ranked before many first-rate actors of his day. He was, however, a great favorite in the country—made good benefits, and might have done very well, had not that destructive companion, dissipation, robb'd him of the comforts enjoyed by those who take prudence for their guide. Seldom had he a decent coat; in lieu of which, he generally wore a great coat, button'd to the chin, which served to conceal the forlorn state of his linen. His slow, methodical mode of speaking, gained him the appellation of *Podo*. Regularly every morning, at twelve o'clock, he entered the doors of a small public house in the vicinity of the theatre, and, with folded arms, knit brows, and a side-look at the landlady, he beckon'd three distinct times; then, pointing, to his mouth, gave full intimation of his wants. A glass of real Nantz, followed by an approving smack of the lips—gave a rich sparkle to his eye, and a firmness to his nerves, which, before this application, were languid and relaxed; then, turning slowly, and pointing to the cupboard-door—behind which his account was kept—he march'd out, nor utter'd a syllable during the whole negociation.

Some people there are, who cannot pronounce the *r*, others misplace the *v* and *w*; the *l* is sometimes substituted for the *n*; which gives an articulation similar to that of a person who has, by some calamity, lost the roof of his mouth. Of this latter description was *Podo*'s landlady. I had heard of his long score behind the cupboard door, and call'd to give her a caution.

"'Does Mr. Penn ever talk of paying you?' said I.

"'Lo, sir,' she replied, 'he lever talks at all.'

"I then advis'd her to chalk no more till the other was rubb'd out.

"Penn went the next day, as usual—beckon'd—pointed to his mouth; but it would not do.

"'I'll tell you what, Master Pell,' said this dealer in drams, 'it siglifies lothilg talkilg—you ald me must have a reckolilg—eighteel shillilgs ald eight pelce halfpelly is your score; ald Master Romley, the malager of your compaly, has beel here, ald he says, I must lot score alother loggil of gil, till the other's rubb'd off.'

"Penn, on hearing this, utter'd the interjection 'Oh!' turn'd upon his heel, and walk'd away."

We occasionally noticed some negligences of composition, but they were not numerous or important enough to be animadverted upon. The author himself will doubtless see and remove them in a subsequent edition.

WILLIAM TELL, *or* SWISSERLAND DELIVERED. *By the* CHEVALIER DE FLORIAN, *Member of the Royal Academies of Paris, Madrid, Florence, &c. A Posthumous Work. To which is prefixed, The Life of the Author, by* JAUFFRET, *translated from the French by* WILLIAM B. HEWETSON, *Author of "The Blind Boy," "The Fallen Minister," &c. &c.*

WE consider this posthumous production of Florian, as excelling all his other writings. It is more vigorous in composition, more interesting in incident, and more powerful in sentiment. It is removed from that insipid mediocrity of pastoral inanity which is to be found in *Estelle and Galatea*. The character of Tell is well drawn.

A Life of Florian is prefixed, translated from Jauffret, and which, as it can be read with more advantage, than an extract from the work itself, we will subjoin.

"Jean-Pierre Claris de Florian was born in 1755, at the Castle of Florian in the Lower Cevennes, at some distance from Anduza and Saint Hypolite. Although these particulars were not known to us, it would be easy to supply them. In fact, we read them at the opening of his Pastoral of Estelle: 'I wish to celebrate my native land—to describe those delightful climates where the green olive, the vermillioned mulberry, the gilded grape, grow up together beneath an azure sky—where upon smiling hills, sprinkled with violets and daffodils, bound numerous flocks and herds—where a sprightly yet a feeling people, laborious but yet cheerful, escape from want by toil, and from vice by cheerfulness.'—And a few lines lower: 'On the borders of the Gardon, at the foot of the lofty mountains of Cevennes, between the town of Anduza and the village of Massanne, lies a valley where nature seems to have collected all her treasures.'

"The castle in which Florian was born, was built by his grandfather, a Counsellor of the Chamber of Accounts at Montpellier; who ruined himself by building a superb mansion on a very small estate, and who, when he died, left two sons, and many debts:—from the second son, Florian derived his birth. It appears that his grandfather had conceived a great affection for his grandson; and it afforded him real pleasure to see him grow up under his own eye. Sensible to this tenderness, and penetrated both with respect and love, the young Florian joyfully accompanied him in his rural excursions, and procured to the old man a satisfaction with which he was highly flattered—that of admiring his plantations:—hence arose that respect and veneration which Florian always evinced for old age, and that pleasing melancholy which he contracted a habit of, although he was naturally of a gay and lively disposition.

"One of the causes which contributed to instil into Florian's heart that pleasing melancholy which constitutes the powerful charm of his writings, was his having from his childhood to bewail a tender mother whom he had never the happiness to know, and who was highly deserving of the regret which he experienced for her. The idea that he never enjoyed the presence, the caresses, and the fostering cares, of her who gave him birth, was to Florian ever a source of painful recollection; it was always foremost in his thoughts:—and in the course of time, the more he obtained success, the more did he regret his mother could not share his feelings. He well knew that no person would have been more sensible. His father, a worthy, honest man, was more intent on the cultivation of his land than on his understanding. His mother, on the contrary, naturally intelligent, had always enjoyed the pleasure derived from letters: it was from her that Florian believed he inherited his literary talents. From the descriptions given him by those who had known, he had a portrait of her painted, for which he always shewed the most profound veneration.

"After the death of his grandfather, young Florian was sent to a school at St. Hypolite; he learned but little there; but his natural genius and his witty sallies were soon remarked;—and the favourable reports which his relations received of his happy dispositions, determined them to give him an education capable of assisting his talents.

"His father's elder brother had married the niece of Voltaire. That great man was spoken to in behalf of young Florian, and was informed of the rising genius he displayed. Voltaire was anxious to see him. Florian was sent to him, and his first introduction into the world was at Ferney.

"Voltaire was singularly amused with his gaiety, his gentleness of manners, his lively repartees, and conceived a great friendship for him: this is evident from his letters to Florian:net, the friendly familiar name he gave him:—indeed it was said, and even mentioned in some of the periodical works of the day, that he was his near relation;—but he was no other way allied to him than as the nephew of the man who had married his niece.

"From Ferney, Florian went to Paris, where they procured him several masters to cultivate and improve his rising talents. He passed some years there; and during that period made several journeys to Hornoy, a country seat of his aunt's, in Picardy. Destined from that time for the profession of arms, he thought it his duty to adopt the spirit of it: all his sports savoured of combats. The perusal of some old romances on the subject of knight errantry heated his imagination; and the prowess of the knights and deeds of chivalry became so much to his taste, that having then, for the first time, read Don Quixotte, which he afterwards translated, far from deriving pleasure from the work, he was almost disgusted with it. He looked upon Michael Cervantes as an absurd, impertinent blockhead, for having dared to attack with the arms of ridicule, heroes who were the objects of his admiration.

"As his family was not rich, in the year 1768 he entered into the service of the Duke de Penthievre, as his Page: his friends hoped by this means he would be enabled to finish his education, and, in the end, might obtain some honourable employment: but the education of Pages was not the most excellent, and, without the resources which he had within himself, would have availed him little.

"The Duke, who attended to his own household, and who possessed a sound judgment, soon distinguished him from among his companions. His frankness, his pleasantries, and jokes, always within the strictest bounds of decency, and his lively witticisms, frequently amused that virtuous personage, who, spite of his wealth, of his goodness, and benevolence, was of all men in France perhaps the one who was less happy.

"It was during the period that young Florian was Page (he was then about fifteen) that he composed the first lines which came from his pen. The occasion which gave rise to them, and the subject he chose out of preference, equally contributed to give an idea of his character, which, as I hve already said, was a *melange* of mirth and melancholy.—The conversation one day at the Duke's was rather grave, and turned upon religious discourses and sermons. Florian suddenly engaged in it, and maintained that a sermon was by no means difficult to compose; and added, that he thought he was capable of composing one, if it was necessary. The Prince took him at his word, and betted a wager of fifty louis that he would not succeed. The Curate of St. Eustache, who was present, was to be the judge. Florian immediately set to work, and in the course of a few days produced the fruits of his labour.

"The astonishment of the Prince and of the Curate was extreme, to hear a youth recite a sermon upon death, which was worthy of being submitted to the public eye. The *first* agreed that he had lost his wager, adding that he experienced much real pleasure in having lost it; and immediately paid down the amount. The other (the Curate) got possession of the sermon, took it away, and preached it at his parish church.

"When Florian had fulfilled the du-

ties of a Page, which only continued till a certain age, he was a long time doubtful what line of life he should adopt, and his relations partook of his uncertainty. Some advised him to solicit a place of Gentleman of Honour in the Prince's household, as that place offered a certain and quiet life; others (and his father was of the number) wished that he should pursue the career of arms. As he had not entirely lost all his ideas of chivalry, he inclined strongly to that side. The "*pomp and pageantry of war*" appeared to him in a more seducing light than all the advantages of the sedentary life they wished him to adopt; and he remarked pleasantly enough, on the subject of the place of Gentleman to the Prince, which had been solicited for and offered to him, '*I have been too long a footman, to become a valet de-chambre.*'

"He therefore chose the service, and entered into what was then called the Corps of Royal Artillery. He went to Bapaume, where the military college was: he applied himself to the study of mathematics, and succeeded, as he possessed an aptness at every branch of learning. But the science of calculation was by no means analogous with the turn of his mind: he soon discovered it had no attractions for him. Born with a lively, brilliant imagination, Florian conceived that the science of calculation served but to restrain its flights, and he consequently forgot it almost as soon as he had learned it.

"The academy at Bapaume, where Florian then was, was composed of young men, who almost all possessed considerable talents, but with whom reason was a very rare guest. We should suppose that they were occupied with their different studies, since many clever persons have come from it; but we may pretty well judge what must be the life of a great number of young men, hurried away by the impetuosity of youth, and yielding to all the extravagancies of their fancies. Nothing could keep them in restraint: one quarrel gave rise to another, and these daily disputes always ended in duels. Florian was wounded several times. At length, the want of discipline in the pupils became so great, that they were obliged to suppress the establishment. —Who could have ever supposed that from such a school should come the author of Estelle and Galatea?

"Much about this time Florian obtained a troop of cavalry in the regiment of Penthievre, then in garrison at Maubeuge. Soon after his arrival in that city, he became so violently enamoured with a canoness as amiable as she was virtuous, that he absolutely wished to marry her. His friends and relations wished to dissuade him from a match which was no way suitable to his years or his fortune, and they at last succeeded.

"His family, from whom he had but little to expect, resolved to attach him to a man of power and interest, by procuring for him, notwithstanding his opposition, the place which he had before refused; but Florian wished to serve, and the Prince did not wish any gentleman to be employed about his person who was attached to the service. Anxious, however, to fix the wavering resolution of a man whose society he loved, he even began to smooth the difficulties which might interfere with the inclinations of Florian. It was agreed, then, that he should retire upon half pay; that his rank should still continue; and that he should be wholly at liberty to remain in his new situation. He settled, therefore, at Paris; and this sedentary life, which he had so great a dread of, contributed not a little to his launching into the career of letters.

"It was then, in fact, that in order to remove the *ennui* which sometimes seized him, and of which he said himself he was too susceptible, he began to write. The fondness which he always had for the Spanish language, revived; he applied himself to the study of it, and formed the plan of translating into French every Spanish work which might appear to please the general taste of the people. After a long hesitation, divided in his opinions on several authors, he made choice of Cervantes; and, finding his Galatea possessed of much interest, spite of its imperfections, he resolved to set about it. The happy alterations which he made in that poem—the entire scenes he has added

to it—the rustic fete—the story of the doves—the farewell to Elicio's dog—the last canto entirely, which he thought necessary to finish the poem which Cervantes never finished—the elegant and delicate stanzas which he has scattered through the work—all contributed to the success of Galatea, which determined Florian to give himself up entirely to this species of composition, the Pastoral Romance, so long fallen into absolute discredit.

"He published Estelle, and obtained fresh success, the glory of which was exclusively his own: Estelle, in fact, was solely his own invention, and pleased as much as Galatea. There are those who even prefer it to the latter; but the greatest number regard Estelle and Galatea as two sisters equally amiable, and between whom it is difficult to make a choice.

"It is needless to speak of his other works; they are in the hands of almost every person. The custom he had contracted of studying and writing had become in him a real want: he never passed a day without this kind of labour, and he frequently toiled from morning till night.

"'Try to write fables,' said the Duke de Penthievre one day to him. Florian followed his advice; he wrote fables: many years passed away before he published any of them, and only gave them to the world three or four years before his death. This collection, the most perfect which has appeared since La Fontaine, is of all Florian's works that which posterity will admire the most: at the head of this work he had his portrait engraved.

"Few authors were admitted at so early an age into the French Academy: he was only thirty-three, the day he was appointed a member. But he did not look upon this place as a place of idleness, or as a privilege for doing nothing: his new title, far from diminishing, increased his love of toil; and, if a premature death had not stopped him in his career, he had planned what was sufficient to have kept him employed for many years.

"Amongst his projects, was that of writing the lives of eminent and illustrious characters of modern history, and comparing them with each other, after the manner of Plutarch. He waited, he said, to undertake these different works till the fire of his imagination should be cooled: "that," said he, "shall be the employment of my latter years."

'The affection which he had conceived for Spain and the Spanish people was not exclusive: there was another people who shared it; one would not easily guess who—It was the Jews. He had a perfect knowlepge of their history, and frequently applied it most happily. He had always a strong desire to compose a Jewish work; and he wrote one in four books, which forms a neat small volume about the size of his Galatea: it is entitled 'Eliezer and Nepthali.' It is entirely a work of imagination, but possesses the most lively interest. At the very moment I am now writing a search is making for this precious manuscript, which cannot be found among the author's papers. * Nothing shall be neglected to discover it, and to hasten the period when the public may enjoy this interesting production.

"The last work of Florian is his translation of Don Quixotte:—he worked at it, he said, in order to rest and unbend his mind, and to prove to Cervantes that he had entirely forgotten the aversion he conceived against him in his youth. When a friend observed to him that Don Quixotte had been read by all the world; that the passion he attacked not being now the fashion, would excite but little interest; he replied that Cervantes being the best writer that Spain ever had, he should be better known; that those who had only read the translation of Fillan de Saint Martin knew him not at all; and that he hoped they would read his, which on the whole was only a free translation. As few writers have been more read than Florian, we trust his hopes will not be deceived. His translation will be brought forward with all possible dispatch.†

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* Since the above was written, the MS. has been discovered, and printed at Paris:—it is a beautiful tale, and, if possible, surpasses the Death of Abel.

† Florian's Don Quixotte has since appeared from the stereotype of Di-

"The 'private life of Florian,' like the generality of men of letters, affords no incidents of any striking nature:—he wrote it himself; it must have been interesting, for he related every thing in a pleasing manner, and knew how to stamp a value even upon trifles;—but this Life most probably was destroyed, and there is only one person to whom it was ever read.

"Those who are not intimately acquainted with him, can form no idea of the difference between Florian in company and Florian in his study. When he found himself in a society of persons who were known to him, and amongst whom he was perfectly at ease, he yielded to the charms of conversation; and there was none more lively, more agreeable, more entertaining, than his own. When his spirits were a little elevated, he would make the melancholy laugh; on the other hand, where he was unacquainted with those present, or had no intimate acquaintance with them, he always appeared grave and serious:—but even this very gravity, with those who knew him well, formed a singular contrast with his natural gaiety.

"Such was Florian;—such was the man, amiable in his conduct as in his writings; dividing his time equally between friendship and study; ever ready to oblige; incapable of giving a denial; a stranger to every species of animosity.—He retired to Seaux at the commencement of the revolution; and, solely employed in his solitude in literary pursuits, could it be supposed that envy would disturb the tranquillity of his days? would tear him from his peaceful thickets, and drag him to a prison? He had so little an idea of it, that his arrest came upon him like a thunderbolt:—he felt uneasy when they said to him, 'You are not at liberty;' and from that moment felt that this trait of man's injustice would conduct him to the tomb.

"Posterity will with difficulty credit, that the author of Estelle and Galatea, living in rural retirement, surrounded by his books, should have given sufficient cause for his being hurried to a prison.

"Amongst those various features which historians will cite, in order to characterize the epocha of the revolutionary Regimé, they will not fail to remember the arrest of Florian. There is something so very strange in it, and the consequences were so deadly, that it may not be unpleasing to detail the incidents. I find them stated in the rough copy of a memorial or petition in the shape of a letter, which Florian wrote in prison to one of the Deputies of his acquaintance. When I read it, I could scarcely check my tears:—those who will read it after me will shed some too, if they are not quite destitute of feeling. I well know that many people will blame Florian for not having evinced more firmness, and suffering himself in some measure to be overwhelmed and weighed down by the weight of the injustice; but if weakness of character is a fault, it is not always a crime. It springs from sensibility, and claims indulgence.

THE LETTER.

"Citizen Representative!

"You cherish, you cultivate, letters; but Liberty and your Country still more. You require that the Arts, to whom you were a friend from infancy, should be made useful to the cause of the people for whom you wish to die. 'Tis on that title alone I address you.

"Meditating for a long time back on amending the ancient history for a national education, I acquainted the Committee of Public Safety of my intentions, by a memorial I addressed to them. I spoke of myself in a moment when a timid man, who had the slightest reproach to charge himself with, would have been only anxious that he should be forgotten. Calm and tranquil as to this step, I laboured on in my retirement, and had already finished several articles upon Egypt, when a sudden order of the Committee of Public Safety caused me to be put under a state of arrest in the prison of Port Libre. I have now continued twenty days; to say nothing of the long nights, which

dot, of Paris:—it is in six neat volumes, with twenty-four plates, exquisite though small. It is about to be translated into English.

differ only from the days from the want of light, without books, almost without paper;—in the midst of six hundred persons;—in vain calling to my assistance the imagination I formerly possessed, and finding nothing in its place but sorrow and dejection.

"I wish, however, to be employed. I have conceived the plan of a work* which I think useful to the public morals: even in my prison I have celebrated the Hero of Liberty. I send you my first Book: I ask your opinion of it.

"If you are not of opinion that the Poem may strengthen in the breasts of the youthful part of the French nation the love of the Republic, and the respect for simple manners, do not answer me; let me die here. The alteration in my state of health gives me hopes that will soon be the case.

"If your civism and your taste, abstracted from all interest for me, persuade you that my work should be finished, speak to your colleagues Members of the Committee of Public Safety, and say to them,—

"'Of what can that man be guilty who dreaded being shut up in the Bastile for the first verses which he wrote in the '*Vassal of Mount Jura?*'—who wrote before the Revolution the eleventh Book of *Numa?*—and who since the Revolution, free, unincumbered, without other fortune than his talents, which he could transport to any clime, has not for an instant quitted his country; commanded three years in the National Guards; written many books; and, in his collection of Fables, printed that of the *Monkies and the Leopard?*

"'Can a writer of fables, a simple shepherd, he who sang the loves of Galatea and Estelle, can he be guilty of a crime? The Lyre of Phedra—the Pipe of Gessner—too soft, no doubt, in the midst of warlike sounds, can they be displeasing to those who wish to establish freedom on the basis of morality? The linnet which warbled forth its notes near the Lernian Marsh, when Hercules engaged the Hydra, excited not the hero's wrath; nay, perhaps, when the victory was gained, he listened to it with the greater pleasure.'

"To these few words do I now and shall reduce my sole defence. If they believe me guilty, let them judge me; but, if I am innocent, let them restore me to my liberty, to my writings, to my works now ready for the press, and which my confinement has prevented my putting the finishing hand to; let them restore me to my pure and harmless life, and the desire of being still useful to my country.'

"It was thus that the mild and soothing voice of Florian sought to strike the ears of those odious tyrants, who then held France in base subjection. The *ninth of Thermidor* hastened the effect of the solicitations of Florian and his friends: he left the prison some time after that memorable day; and he hastened to leave Paris, to go and live quietly in the country. His chief object was to breathe a purer air, and make himself be forgotten. He had imbibed a degree of melancholy which rendered solitude more dear to him than ever. Whether it was that the idea of the injustice he had experienced had preyed upon his mind so as to affect his health; whether it was that the foul air and coarse food of the prison left the seeds of a dangerous malady: it was not long before he took to his bed, from which he never arose.

"The tenor of Florian's life indicated a long career: his temperance and sobriety gave hopes that he would be a long time preserved to Friendship and to Letters. Although rather below the middle size, he was strongly made. His face was not handsome; but the serenity, the gaiety, which shone in it; his full black eyes, sparkling with fire, which gave an expression of animation to the *toute ensemble* of his countenance; rendered it striking and agreeable. He died at Seaux, in a small apartment which he occupied, at the Orangery, before he reached his fortieth year.

"At any other time, the death of the author of Estelle, Galatea, Numa, Gonzalvo, and William Tell, would have been ranked amongst the most particular occurrences of the day: poets would have written elegies upon his untimely fate, and the literary societies would have resounded with

* His Poem of William Tell.

his eulogies, and bewailed the loss which learning had sustained. But, at the period when Florian died, men were wholly occupied with politics and grief: each had some personal tears to shed to the memory of murdered friends or kinsmen; and the death of Florian, scarcely noticed in a few of the journals of the day, was, with them, forgotten."

The translation seems to be executed with fidelity and spirit.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Dream.

LOUDLY roar'd the furious gale
Along the gloom-surrounded vale;
Dark spirits moan'd on every side,
And blood was mixt with Avon's tide.

Beneath the lightning's sulph'rous beam
I saw Cecilia's spirit gleam!
While from its breast of whitest snow
I view'd the crimson torrent flow.

Amid the black tormented air
Were heard the groans of wild Despair;
The sickly stars confounded fled,
And ghosts were seen the waves to tread.

"Oh Henry! base, unfeeling youth,
"Whose words I fondly took for truth,
"Arouse thee from thy harden'd sleep,
"And o'er Cecilia's relics weep."

Affrighted with the charge I fled,
The spirits wheeling round my head!
And as beside the wood I pass'd,
Loud shrieks of "murder" fill'd the blast!

Still hurrying over bog and mire,
And still pursued by visions dire,
The pitying moon diffused her beam
To light me o'er the roaring stream!

The spectres seiz'd me by the hair,
Who bore me through the lurid air!
Convey'd me to the churchyard's gloom,
And laid me prostrate in a tomb!

Within its poisonous jaws enthrall'd,
Ten thousand worms around me crawl'd!
But, forc'd with agony to scream,
I woke, and lo! 'twas all a dream!

Grafton-street, July 1809. J. G.

Epitaph on Thomas Paine.

By Clio Rickman.

TO future times this monumental stone
Need not be spar'd to make thy value known;
For future times will in each bosom raise
An altar, sacred to thy worth and praise;
And sound with general voice, when envy dies,
Thee and thy works with plaudits to the skies.

This tomb is simply rais'd by friends sincere
To point the spot and tell that Paine lies here:
Their high respect and gratitude to prove,
Who dar'd insulted excellence to love:
Who leave to future times and better days
Thy worth t'appreciate, and proclaim thy praise:
For future ages must, with loud acclaim,
When man will live to Reason, Truth, and Fame,
When Freedom, Virtue, Love, shall reign below,
Hail Him, to whom their happy state they owe!

Stanzas *most respectfully inscribed to* Mr. Pratt.

SWEET Flower! that deck'st the river's brink,
Bending to every boist'rous gale,
Array'd in summer's likely pink,
From whom the bees existence drink,
As on thy bosom they regale,

Why dost thou here in silence dwell,
Secluded from the garden flow'rs?
Why leave the tribes of yonder dell,
Whose glaring tints profusely swell,
And spend alone the lingering hours?

When storms deface the laughing sky,
And thunders shake the vaulted air,
When lightnings thro' the welkin fly,
No friend my charming Flow'r! is nigh,
Thy matchless properties to spare!

Then vain indeed thy graceful mien,
And all thy attributes will prove!
In vain shall sorrow intervene,
Thy charms so modestly serene,
To shelter from the storms above!

Then tell me, Flower, why thus alone
Thou lov'st in solitude to shroud!
Does malice on thy features frown,
Because they're chaster than her own,
Or dost thou hate the crowd?

"Alas! my friend! this lonely spot
"Has long my favorite station been;
"Here to the garden-tribe forgot,
"Their joys incestuously hot,
"I breathe the air of health serene!

"Besides, the splendour of their dress,
"Outshines too much my languid hue;
"Nor will the moans of weak distress,
"Excite in them one fond caress,
"However my friend they may in you."

Then since 'tis thus, my sweetest Flow'r!
Come! let me bear thee far away,
Where neither haughty pride nor power,
Can on thy matchless beauties low'r,
Or spurn thy indigent array.

Thus genius blest with every grace,
To triumph o'er the human heart,
Withdraws to some sequester'd place,
The mighty works of time to trace,
Unknown to all the schemes of art.

Thus PRATT with kind parental care,
Smiles on the pure poetic FLOW'R *;
Retrieves it from the desert bare,
To thrive in more salubrious air,
And flourish with the circling hour!

Grafton-street, August 1809. J. G.

LOVE LETTERS *to my* WIFE. *By* JAMES WOODHOUSE.

For the Universal Magazine.

SIR,

THE following letters are a sequel to some which I printed in the year 1803, and which I intended for publication, but the war commencing shortly after, I was discouraged from proceeding with the undertaking. I now transmit the continuation to you, leaving it to your judgment to insert them at such times and in such portions as you may think best.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
JAMES WOODHOUSE.

London, Aug. 14, 1809.

LETTER X.

DEAR HANNAH,

In my last I strove to give
A partial sketch how peccant courtiers live.
To shew while we, dull duteous peasants, plod
In serving man, or glorifying God,
How they their days idolatrously pass
In glorifying self before their glass,
Or, adding phrenzy to that foolish crime,
In dissipation spend their precious time.
No bended knee, no lifted hand, or eye,
Salutes the Sovereign of the earth and sky.
For him no altars in their hearts arise,
For offering incense, or clean sacrifice.
No sounds of thanks or praise the Saviour shares—
No prayer the Spirit's register declares;
Nor can their conscience one right act record,
That help'd man's happiness, or pleas'd the Lord.
When morning's precious time is past away,
And Death is nearer by full half a day,
Still two hours more in mad amusements roll,
That neither charm their sense or cheer their soul.
Tho' Fancies freights are fine, her sails are full,
Amidst their mighty din they're always dull;
Their frothy talk and fulsome sentiment
Ne'er stores the heart with joy or yields content.
Mark their blank faces as they roll along;
Amid the thousands that compose the throng,
They look like convicts who expect a rope,
More than the friends of happiness or hope.
In plots and plans, tho' ever on the scout,
And busier than on embassies throughout;
Yet when, at length, their destin'd goal is gain'd,
And all the prizes of pursuit attain'd,
Still disappointment dogs them thro' the rounds
And all the hopes of happiness confounds.
The wittiest sayings and the wisest saws,
With which they meant to win much proud applause,
Turn out such chaffy, childish, eloquence,
They scarce afford one scrap of common sense;
While all their other empty hopes of pride,
And pomp, and vanity, are null and void.
But think not I at every courtier strike,
Or deem the individuals all alike;
I might enumerate some of high degree,
Humane and bounteous both to thee and me.
Some, bless'd with virtue's gifts or heav'nly grace,
Afford full proofs of far superior race;
And shew by symptoms of true faith and love,
They look and long for better things above.
Nor are my best affections all confin'd
To self and fellows of inferior kind,
But can most simply and sincerely call
On that great God who gives and governs all,
That He would mercy and meet grace bestow,
To guide them all in paths of peace below;
And, when compell'd to feel the pow'r of fate,
Plant all their spirits in still happier state.
But none whose view surveys the courtly class,
And marks the conduct of the crafty mass;
Their vain idolatry and devilish pride,
Can warmth withhold, or virtuous blame avoid;
Can think that souls, train'd up in every vice,
Could rest one hour in earthly Paradise,
Or, borne to heav'n by sovereign grace, could taste
One perfect relish of its pure repast.

[*To be continued.*]

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* Joseph Blacket, for an account of whose beautiful Ode, "The Times," see Universal Magazine for last Feb. p. 126.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Important Discoveries respecting the Stone in the Bladder.

MR. HOME, in reviewing the labours and accurate observations of Mr. Brande, on the structure, &c. of calculi, and of the effects that are produced upon them by the use of internal medicines, says he had long been of the opinion, that they were of no avail, but the grounds of failure he had not discovered. The circumstance of the exterior laminæ of calculi, extracted from patients who had persevered in a long course of alkaline preparations, having been found softer than the parts towards the centre, had been regarded as a proof of the action of the medicines upon the calculus, and led to the belief, that where the stone was small it might be wholly dissolved; but it now appears, that the soft part is not a portion of the original calculus, but a newly-formed substance, in which the uric acid is not deposited in crystals, but mechanically mixed with phosphates, and the animal mucus in the urine.

The opinion that calculi in the human bladder have been entirely dissolved has received its principal support from instances having occurred, where the symptoms went entirely away, while the patients were using alkaline medicines, and never afterwards returned. The fallacy of this opinion has been detected, by examining the subjects after death; in one case, the patient was 68, and had been long taking the saline draught, when all symptoms vanished, and the case was published in proof of its efficacy; but when he died, 20 calculi were found in his bladder; and it appeared, that the symptoms went off, on account of the posterior lobe of the prostate gland having become enlarged (a change which frequently occurs in that period of life), and having formed a barrier between the calculi and the orifice of the bladder, so that they no longer irritated that part, either in making water, or in the different movements of the body, but lay in the lower posterior part of the bladder, without producing any painful effects. Their number, (says Mr. Home), prevented the pressure from being great on one part of the intestine, immediately behind the bladder, and their motion on one another rendered their external surface smooth, and probably prevented their increase. In another case of the same kind, 14 calculi were found, which were similarly situated by means of the same sort of enlargement of the posterior gland. In some cases calculi have been found enclosed in cysts, formed between the fasciculi of the muscular coat of the bladder, so as to be entirely excluded from the general cavity, and therefore had not produced any of the common symptoms of stone. To prove that calculi do sometimes increase, while the patient is using alkaline medicines, the following facts are adduced:

A gentleman, having voided a small calculus, persisted in the use of alkaline medicines, and passed no more calculi; but on his death, at the age of 75, the whole cavity of the bladder was found completely full of soft, light, spongy calculi, 350 in number. They were analized, and found to consist of uric acid, the phosphates and animal mucus, and differed so much from the calculus voided soon after he began the use of alkalies, that they appear to have been formed after that period.

Another person, having taken the alkali three months, finding the symptoms still more violent, submitted to an operation. The calculus, for the thickness of $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch, was entirely composed of triple phosphate, in a state of perfect spiculated crystals, so as to present a very rough irritating surface to the internal membrane of the bladder, while the inner parts of the calculus were made up of a mixture of uric acid and phosphates, so that the alkali had prevented the formation of uric acid, but the phosphates were deposited more rapidly than before.

A gentleman, in whose urine the uric acid appears in a solid form, immediately after it is voided, has the same appearance in the urine, even when nine drachms of soda dissolved in water, impregnated with carbonic

acid, are taken in twenty-four hours; so that the alkali does not even counteract the formation of uric acid.

FRENCH NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

Scientific Improvements.

THESE proceedings from small beginnings and opposed by unprecedented obstacles, have at length arisen to that magnitude and importance as to threaten the present *Bellum Mercatorius*, mercantile war, with the powerful reaction of all its own consequences; and thus a contest continued for the sake of monopoly, may end in the extinction of trade itself.

What we have ruined by the exercise of a superior naval force, the French are rapidly recovering by superior ingenuity: satisfied with the genius, the astonishing good fortune and abilities of the French Emperor, the ingenuity, labour, and talents of the people of France, are therefore employed in endeavours to invent, to fabricate, or to discover, substitutes for many of those commodities, previously imported into France, from Asia, or from the West Indies. It is not without concern we observe that they have already succeeded in many of these exertions, beyond belief or expectation. Cotton, it appears, of no mean quality, is grown in Languedoc, Gascony, and in some of the provinces of Spain; a country which they regard as not less a part of Napoleon's empire, than France. Indigo may be, as they conceive, replaced by other substances, capable of supplying its place. Bourdier and Caillard, the one a Professor of Pharmacy, the other a physician at Paris, have discovered, as they assert, specifics against intermitting fevers, which will render the purchase of Peruvian bark unnecessary in future. Experiments, made by order of government, in the hospitals, are said to establish the proof of these *succedanea*, which may be procured, and are produced in Europe. But the most important, and by far the most alarming discovery, which the French pretend to have recently made, is that of a substitute for *sugar*. It is not possible to peruse the long, accurate, and able account given of this matter, without admiration or concern. If France, already deprived of all her sugar colonies, except Guadaloupe, for the Islands of Mauritius and Bourbon scarcely export any, can produce any thing to supply that object of consumption among a considerable part of her population, the injurious consequences to Great Britain are incalculable.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

On the Management of the Sweet or Spanish Chesnut. By the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks.

IN all the northern parts of Europe, where chesnuts are used for food, the practice of grafting the trees that bear them, has been known from time immemorial; the wild, or ungrafted chesnut is called in French, *Châtaingnier*, and the grafted or cultivated sort, *Marronnier*.

At present the nurserymen in Devonshire and other western counties, deal in grafted chesnut trees, and some gentlemen have introduced them into their gardens.

At Spring Grove, they were long neglected, owing to the disinclination that gardeners have to novelties; but within the last six or seven years, they have increased in size, and every crop has become more abundant; they are much smaller than the Spanish imported fruit, but they are beyond comparison much sweeter to the taste. The crops are little subject to injury, except from very late frosts; and the trees are in general covered with blossoms so as to retard their annual increase. They require very little care or attendance on the part of the gardener, gathering excepted. When the usage of grafting chesnuts becomes common, there can be no doubt, grafts of all other sorts will be procured from the continent.

The kernels of these chesnuts, and of all others ripened in England, are more liable to shrivel and dry up than those imported; owing to a deficiency of summer-heat in our climate to ripen the fruit. This may be obviated by keeping the nuts always in a cool

place, rather damp than dry: the vessel best suited to preserve them, is an earthen-ware jar, with a cover; which will not only keep them cool, but restrain the loss of moisture without entirely preventing perspiration, and thus endangering the loss of vitality, the immediate consequence of which is, the appearance of must and mouldiness.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

JAMES MOORE, Esq. brother to the late Lieut.-General John Moore, has in the press a Vindication of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain.

Dr. Clarke's Travels through Russia, and the territories of the Don Cossacks, Kuban Tartary, the Crimea, &c. will very shortly be published; as will also a complete collection of Voyages and Travels from Columbus to the present time.

Mr. Bentham has two works of considerable promise in the press; one entitled *Elements of the Art of Packing, as applied to Juries*; and the other *The Perils of the Press.*

A society of gentlemen at Plymouth, intend publishing the Origin and Progress of the Town, together with the siege in the reign of Charles I. which will be minutely attended to.

The Rev. D. T. Fosbrooke is preparing for publication a Dictionary of Antiquities, general and local, on the plan of the French Dictionary in the Encyclopédie Methodique, to include the antiquities of all nations as well as Great Britain.

Mr. Douglas intends to publish An Enquiry into the present State of the Elements of Mathematics, or Euclid's Elements, pointing out and confuting various absurdities and inaccuracies introduced into them by some modern writers.

The Chronicle of Grafton is nearly reprinted in two volumes quarto, to correspond with those of Hollinshed and Hall. This will soon be followed by that of Fabian.

A View of the ancient and present State of Shetland Island, by Dr. Edmonston, is in the press, embracing the history of every thing connected with that country, in two volumes in quarto.

Mr. Bigland, author of the Letters on Ancient and Modern History, &c. is engaged upon a General History of Europe, from the conclusion of the peace in 1783, to the present time.

A Catalogue of the Library of the Royal Institution, methodically arranged, with an alphabetical index, is very shortly to be published; this will serve as an index for any library. It contains the late Mr. Astle's library, and the best authors on every branch of knowledge.

A new edition of Wood's Athenæ Oxoniensis, with corrections and considerable additions, is in the press.

Cromwelliana; or Anecdotes from authentic documents, illustrative of the character of Oliver Cromwell and his family, will shortly be published in one volume small folio.

Three volumes of the works of the Rev. Richard Cecil are about to be published by a friend of the author, to whom, on account of ill health, he has entrusted this business. The first will contain the Memoirs of the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan, John Bacon, Esq. R.A. and the Rev. John Newton, with their portraits; the second is to consist of Miscellanies; viz. different sermons and tracts already printed separately, and a few original pieces: the third will be made up from a selection from a considerable number of sermons taken down in short hand.

Dr. Carey has a new work in the press, entitled "Poetic Reading Made Easy," containing a selection of poetry for schools, with directions for the proper utterance of each line, which is intended as a sequel to his "English Prosody and Versification."

A new edition of Nicholson's Principles of Architecture, corrected and improved by the author, is in the press, with the addition of two new plates, forming three volumes 8vo.

containing 218 plates, engraved by Lowry and others.

Mr. Faulkner, of Chelsea, will put to press in November, "*An Historical, Topographical, and Statistical Description of Chelsea and its Environs.*" This work will be dedicated by permission to the Honourable and Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Winchester, and will include every particular relative to the antiquities, topography, population, soil, agriculture, manufactures, ecclesiastical history of Chelsea, with a full description of all the monuments in the church, with the epitaphs and an English translation, accompanied with biographical notices of all the noble and learned personages there interred or recorded; likewise, an historical and descriptive account of the Royal Hospital, and Royal Military Asylum, Physic Gardens, Winchester Palace, Ranelagh, &c. with a descriptive catalogue of such paintings, sculpture, and works of art, as are at present in Chelsea, also anecdotes of eminent statesmen, literary characters, &c. who have resided in Chelsea during the three preceding centuries, including an interesting sketch of the lives of Sir Thomas More, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Sir Hans Sloane, and other celebrated men.

The University of Aberdeen have conferred the degree of L.L.D. on Samuel Guise, Esq. who lately brought from India, the purest collection of manuscripts ever imported into this country, besides several rare Indian Cameos and Intaglios.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

Since the scaffolding and the awning have been completely removed from the statue erected in Russell-square, in memory of the late Duke of Bedford, the effect produced on the spectators has been that of general admiration and pleasure. The statue is colossal; the attitude well chosen, graceful and manly; the folds of drapery are ample, yet sufficiently detailed. His Grace, being a farmer of the New School, reposes one arm on a plough, the left hand holds the gifts of Ceres. Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, personified in the endearing semblance of children, play round the feet of the statue, whose apparent magnitude seems augmented by the contrast. The pedestal, in embellishments and size, is well adapted to the purposes of illustration and strength: to the four corners are attached bulls' heads, in very high relief, the cavity immediately beneath the upper moulding is adorned with heads of cattle in recumbent postures; on the curved sides are rural subjects in basso relievo; the first represents the preparation for the ploughman's dinner; the husbandman's wife, on her knees, attends the culinary department; a youth, sounding a horn, two rustics, and a team of oxen at rest, finish the groupe.—The second composition is made up of reapers and gleaners variously employed; the young woman in the centre is delineated with the comeliness and grace of a village favourite. These enrichments, the four seasons, and the statue of the Duke, are all cast in bronze, and so very successfully, that, with the polish of high finishing, they preserve the spirit of an original model.

The massy materials of the pedestal is Scotch granite, and, together with the superstructure, measures, from the level ground to the summit of the monument, 27 feet. The principal figure is nine feet high.

British Institution.—On Wednesday, August 9, the gallery was re-opened to the students. The governors have sent choice pictures from their collections, for the improvement of the young painters. The King, patron of this highly meritorious institution, has sent a large piece by *Tintoret*, whose general effect of colour and clare obscure, is splendid. Captain Agar has presented a landscape and figures by D. Teniers, Earl Grosvenor a landscape by Claude, and another by G. Pousin, besides several others equally valuable presented by the other governors. The collection at large presents a mass of intellectual nutriment, which, if properly digested, will assist in bringing forward the youthful genius to a matured vigour.

Dr. Brewster, of Edinburgh, has invented a new goniometrical telescope and microscope for measuring the angles of crystals by reflection, and for ascertaining the inclination of strata, and the apparent magnitude of

angles when the eye is not placed at their vertex. He has also produced an instrument for determining distances at one station, without measuring a base, without a portable base being attached to the instrument, without measuring of it, or without knowing the object, the distance of which is to be ascertained. A long base is actually created by the instrument, without measuring of it; and the distance is said to be obtained by a principle which has never been made use of in trigonometrical instruments.

The art of printing from stone, continues to be carried on at Stuttgardt, at the printing office established there for that purpose; but the engraving of music has been the chief branch to which it has been hitherto applied.

Baron Lutgendorf has brought forward at Vienna, a kind of machine to preserve life under water, without any apprehension of drowning in the person that may wear it. It is a kind of cuirass, and admits the body to assume every possible position.

The London Society for promoting christianity among the Jews, has advertised a premium of 30 guineas for the best refutation of the late Mr. David Levi's Dissertation on the Prophecies, to be produced within the present year.—N.B. A late English Jewish convert drove a hackney coach, and a jew so well known to several persons still living, who under pretence of being converted at different places on the continent, had been baptized *fifteen times*. Two Jews at Berlin, it is said, have lately informed the London Society, that they have embraced christianity, and that of course, they are desirous of availing themselves of the advantages connected with their coming to England, and of *preaching to their brethren*.

Denmark.

The Society of Rural Economy at Copenhagen has presented the Danish peasantry with 5000 copies of Mr. Rafn's Instructions for the Cultivation of Flax. Translated into German, it has been given away, among the peasantry of Holstein and Sleswick. The same society has commenced the publication of its proceedings; the first part contains "A Journal of an Agricultural Tour in England, by Meinhold; an Essay on the Management of Trees, by Mourieux;—the Mode of making Gooseberry Wine, by Taxtorph," &c.

The Academy of Sciences of Copenhagen have given out the following as prize questions:—In *Mathematics*, "Explain the construction and theory of a hydraulic tube, by means of which we may distinctly observe objects at the bottom of the sea?" In *Physics*, "What information has been, or may be gained respecting the state of the atmosphere in the higher regions by means of aerial voyages?" In *History*, "Compare the best and newest accounts of the worship and religious ideas of the various Indian or Tartar tribe, and their opinions respecting the origin and primitive state of theology, and of the world, with the ideas of our ancestors upon the same subjects?" In *Philosophy*, "Has the eclectic philosophy any thing which can justly render it recommendable at present? What men have deserved to be honoured with the title of eclectics? May the philosophers who were formerly the ornaments of the school of Alexandria, or the new school of Plato, be called eclectic, or according to the opinion of some *syncretic*?" A gold medal worth 50 ducats, is offered for the best memoir on either of these subjects. The papers to be written in Latin, Danish, English, or French, and sent to Professor Bugge, at Copenhagen, before Jan. 1810.

France.

Since machines have been imported into this country, by Mr. Douglas, for the preparation of wool and the manufacture of cloth, although a number of manufacturers and other persons had provided themselves with them, being assisted by premiums, and sums of money by the government, yet, as the very semblance of monopoly cannot be endured in France, the government still careful to reward individual ingenuity, have entered into a treaty with Mr. Douglas, by which means, being induced to relinquish his patent, every person has been at liberty since the 1st of Jan. last, to use, make, and sell part, or all

of these different machines for preparing wool and manufacture of cloths.

A novel exhibition of plaster models has been for some time past, exhibiting in Paris, of the most celebrated ancient edifices of different kinds of architecture. Seventy-four pieces have been brought forward, divided into the following orders:—Etruscan, Egyptian, Indian, Persian, Roman, Celtic, and Cyclopean.

A member of the Society of Agriculture and Commerce, at Caen, in Normandy, has laid before them, specimens of paper made of straw, by means of an instrument so simple in its construction, that any person whatever may make paper equal to that made by the best workmen.

Mr. Bouillay of Paris, has invented a new process for preparing sulphuric ether. To a large tubulated glass retort placed on a sand heat, he adapts a glass worm, immersed in a vessel of cold water; the extremity of the worm he inserted in the neck of a large bottle, between which and a second bottle filled with water, a communication was made by means of a syphon. Into the retort, he introduced 22lbs. of sulphuric acid, concentrated to 66°. In the tubulure a particular kind of funnel was inserted with two cocks, so that its pipe descended nearly to the bottom of the retort, passing through the sulphuric acid. He then poured 22lbs. of alcohol at 36° of Beaume's aremeter; the mixture was very well effected; the distillation was kept up by means of a fire under the retort, and as soon as about 4lbs. had passed over, 22lbs of fresh alcohol at 40° were introduced, drop by drop, regulating the quantity as exactly as possible by what passed over into the receiver. At length 33lbs. of a fine white limpid product was obtained, of the most agreeable taste and smell, containing no traces of sulphurous acid, but which produced on being rectified, on a water bath, 17½lbs. of pure ether, with some alcohol of an ethereal smell, well adapted for a future process. The residuum consisted of nearly the whole of the sulphuric acid, some alcohol, water, and probably a certain quantity of ether completely formed.

Germany.

A manual of Botany, containing the nomenclature, and the explanation of the first twenty-three classes of Linnæus, and the plants which grow spontaneously in Germany, is to be published shortly at Hamburgh; to which an Essay on drying Plants is added.

M. Trattenik is publishing at Vienna, in Latin and German, a work on the Tribe of Fungi, illustrated with plates by Reinelli and Weber.

A chemist at Stuttgardt, it is said, has discovered another new metal among the grains of platina, to which the name of *vestium* has been given.

Another gentleman at Wisbaden, has discovered a method of recovering wine that has turned sour; for which purpose he makes use of powdered charcoal. He has received a medal for this discovery, from a number of persons concerned in the growth of wine upon the continent.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, has offered medals of fifty ducats for the best memoirs "upon a complete theory of the hydraulic ram, taking into view the adhesion of water. And upon the determination of the object of the Senate of the Amphictyons, and their influence over the politics of Greece." The memoirs on these subjects are to be delivered on or before the 1st of May, 1810.

Italy.

To the Academy of the Lyncei, at Rome, a memoir not yet published, has been read upon the discovery of *Hauyne*, a new mineral substance, in the mountains of Latium, near the lake of Nemi, by the Abbé Gismondi, and described by him under the name of *latialite*; but as this mineral has been since found at Somma, this name is improper, and it has been called Hauyne as a memorial of the French mineralist of that name. This Hauyne has been taken for fluor spar, or spinelle; it has a great resemblance to gadolinite and lazulite. It is of a beautiful cerulean blue, which passes into an aqua marine green, its lustre is vitreous; it scratches grass, felspar, and even quartz, very slightly. It is very brittle; its fracture glassy, with angular fragments; its specific gravity 3.3. or 3.1.; it becomes electric by

communication, but not by heat; it acquires the resinous electricity by friction, when insulated; it is not magnetic, it is infusible, and does not lose its colour; it yields a fine topaz yellow glass with borax; and forms a strong nitrous gelly with the nitric, muriatic, or sulphuric acids. It is always accompanied with augite, mica, and perhaps amphagene, and is found in volcanic countries. Its analysis shews it to have an analogy with lazulite, though no pot-ash has yet been found in this stone. This *Hauyne* is indeed a new volcanic gem in addition to the great variety found in the lava before; and it is not doubted but that more minerals might yet be found, even in the sands of mountainous countries.

Russia.

Dr. Langsdorff, of Petersburgh, has been appointed by Count Romanzow to accompany a large caravan which has set out from Orembourg, for Russian Tartary and Bucharia, as physician and surgeon to the same. As the object of this journey is to make discoveries in natural history and geography, the Doctor has been supplied with every requisite for that undertaking, by the Russian government.

Overland accounts from Kamschatka, received at Petersburgh, mention the arrival of the ship Newa, belonging to the American company. She had been eleven months proceeding on her voyage to Hodjac, the place of her destination, which is the capital of the colony.

A Counsellor Kœhler, at Moscow, has been long employed in cleaning old coins, which he has been collecting in the Crimea. He has published several hundreds belonging to the kings, cities and Grecian colonies or kingdoms which extended along the northern or western coasts of the Black Sea.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Andrew Marvell.

TO collect from a number of original and scarce documents a biographical sketch of this accomplished man and incorruptible patriot, must be particularly gratifying at a period when too many, who abuse that honourable name, are endeavouring to involve the whole country in the same disgrace with themselves, in their constant efforts to make the nation believe that every man is equally corrupt, equally venal, self interested, and depraved.

Mr. Andrew Marvell was born at Kingston-upon-Hull. His father, the Rev. Andrew Marvell, was master of the Grammer School and Lecturer of Trinity Church in that place: he was a man of principle, of a firm mind, and yet of so much pleasantry that he was called the facetious Calvinist Minister. Young Andrew Marvell had been admitted a student of Trinity College, Cambridge, a few years before the death of his father in 1640, who was drowned in the Humber, while crossing in a small boat to Barton, in Lincolnshire. It would appear that he had some presentiment of his dissolution just after he had put off from the Quay, as he threw his gold-headed cane on shore, and desired it to be delivered to his son. His son having left Cambridge when he was twenty-two years of age, Mr. Andrew Marvell commenced his travels through Holland, France, and Italy. In Italy, he is supposed to have become acquainted with the illustrious Milton. Till his return to England in 1663, thirteen years after the period of his leaving it, very little is known of him till Cromwell, then protector, employed Mr. Marvell as private tutor to Mr. Dutton his nephew; and the young patriot soon after became one of the Latin secretaries to that celebrated statesman and commander: this office, Mr. Marvell said "he considered to be the most innocent and inoffensive towards his Majesty's affairs, of any in that usurped government, to which all men were then exposed." In this office it seems Milton was his coadjutor.

As the protector died at Whitehall, September 8, 1658, Mr. Marvell was in the course of that year elected one of the burgesses to serve in parliament, for the borough of Kingston.

upon-Hull. From that moment, it is very clear that he considered it to be his bounden duty to transmit an account of all the proceedings in the House of Commons to his constituents. In the first parliament, which met before the restoration in 1660, Mr. Marvell was a constant attendant; and such was his detestation of a standing army, that he says, in one of his letters to his constituents, "I doubt not before we rise, to see the whole army disbanded, and your town (Kingston) once more ungarrisoned; for I cannot but remember, though then a child, those blessed days when the youth of your town were trained for your militia; and did, methought, become their arms much better than any soldiers that I have seen there since."

Soon after this, he evinced his jealousy of that many-headed monster, the *excise*; and he thanked his constituents for a present of a cask of ale, "so great," he said, "that it might make sober men forgetful."

In 1662 he went to Holland, during which, Lord Bellasis, High Steward of Hull, and Deputy Governor under the Duke of Monmouth, notified this circumstance to his constituents, in order to induce them to chuse another member; but they rather chusing to send to Holland for the return of their old one, he obeyed their order in a very short period of time. But a few months after, gaining the consent of his constituents, he accompanied his friend Lord Carlisle, as ambassador extraordinary to Muscovy, Sweden, and Denmark, as his secretary, and staid about two years. On his return he waited on the Duke of Monmouth after attending the parliament at Oxford, with a congratulatory letter, and a present of gold from the corporation. On this occasion the latter, after paying many compliments to Mr. Marvell, wished him to accept of "six broad pieces," which he with his usual disinterestedness refused. With respect to his political communications, every post, during parliament time, he would often sit down to write to his constituents at six in the evening, after long fasting.

What is remarked as the most surprising by his biographers, is, that it cannot be ascertained that he *ever spoke* in the house; the journals make no mention of any speech of his. But by his own account, he always made notes of what passed; and by his indefatigable conduct otherwise obtained a great ascendancy over the minds of the members. The power of the court could not prevent Prince Rupert from noticing Mr. Marvell; he would often visit the patriotic member in his apartments, even when his name had become the hatred of the adverse party, who on those occasions never failed remarking that the Prince had been with his tutor.

To such height did the spirit of party rise, that the writings of Mr. Marvell often endangered his life by assassination; but no bribes, no offers of fortune, or situation could make him swerve from the virtuous path he had first set out upon; and in this he continued without the least deviation to the last. However a man of such excellent parts and facetious conversation could not be unknown to Charles II. who loved the company of wits so much that he would rather suffer the severest jokes than not enjoy them.

Mr. Marvell had been honoured with an evening's entertainment by his Majesty, who was so charmed with the ease of his manners, the soundness of his judgment, and the nimbleness of his wit, that the following morning, to shew him his regard, he sent Lord Treasurer Danby, to wait upon him with a particular message from himself.

At this time Mr. Marvell lodged in a second floor in a court in the Strand, and Lord Danby, from the darkness of the stair-case and its narrowness, abruptly burst the door open, and entered the room all on a sudden, where he found Mr. Marvell writing. Surprised at the sight of this noble visitor, he asked his lordship with a smile, if he had not mistook his way? "No," replied my lord, with a bow, "not since I have found Mr. Marvell;" continuing, that he came with a message from the King, who wished to do him some signal service to testify his high opinion of his merits. At first Mr. Marvell answered with some degree of levity; but becoming more serious, he assured his lordship that he was highly sensible of his Majesty's affection; but he knew too well the

nature of courts to accept of favours, which were expected to bind a man in the chains of their interest. He said, "to take a place at the hands of his Majesty, would be proving him guilty of the first sin; ingratitude, if he voted against him; and if he went in the smooth stream of his interest, it might be doing injustice to his country, and his conscience; he therefore begged that his Majesty would allow him to enjoy a state of liberty, and to esteem him more his faithful and loyal subject, and more in the true interest of his welfare by the refusal of his munificence, than if he had embraced his royal bounty." These royal offers proving vain, Lord Danby began to assure him that the King had ordered him a thousand guineas, which he hoped he would accept, till something better and more durable could be thought of. At this, Mr. Marvell renewed his usual smile, and said, "Surely, my good Lord, you do not mean to treat me ludicrously, by these munificent offers, which seem to imply a poverty on my part. Pray, my Lord Treasurer, do these apartments bear any appearance of want about them? And as for my living, that is plentiful and good, which you shall have from the mouth of the servant.—Pray what had I for dinner yesterday? 'A shoulder of mutton, Sir.' And what do you allow me to day? 'The remainder hashed.' And to-morrow, my Lord Danby, I shall have the sweet blade-bone broiled; and when your Lordship makes honourable mention of my cook and my diet, I am sure his Majesty will be too tender in future to attempt to bribe a man with golden apples, who lives so well on the viands of his own country." It has been justly remarked that no Roman virtue ever surpassed this temperance; nor can gold bribe any man that is not bribed with luxury.

Dr. Samuel Johnson also observed, "No man, whose appetites are his master's, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity: he that would be superior to external influences, must first become superior to his own passions."

Mr. Marvell, it seems, was fond of residing at Highgate, and this seems to have put his life in danger more than once. This also caused him to remark, that "he was not so much in love with life, as to be unprepared for death." As he was distinguished by his scorn of corruption on one hand, so, on the other, he could never be provoked to revenge by any personal resentment. He was at the same time a sworn foe to flattery, and very cautious in regard to his friendships. He most cordially detested all those who basely crouched at the feet of power, or were the zealots of arbitrary government. Yet even here the native magnanimity of his mind was evident; for though he severely lashed the vices both public and private, of the lascivious monarch who then bore sway, yet he could generously praise any of his actions which were commendable.

It was Mr. Marvell and Dr. Barrow who assisted in rescuing "Paradise Lost" from unmerited obscurity, by their two complimentary poems in English and Latin. Upon the *Bellum Episcopale*, or the *Bishop's War*, Mr. Marvell thus expressed himself:—

"The friendly load-stone has not more combin'd,
Than Bishops cramp'd the commerce of mankind;
Had it not been for such a bias strong,
Two nations had not miss'd their mark so long:
One king—one faith—one language—and one isle,
English and Scotch—'tis all but cross and pile."

Mr. Marvell's controversial writings are voluminous. The "Rehearsal Transposed," an answer to Bishop Parker, was praised, even by Swift. His Letters to his Constituents are two hundred and fifty-six in number; the last work he published a little before his death, was "An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England, more particularly from the long prorogation of November 1675, ending Feb. 15, 1676, until the last meeting of parliament July 16, 1677. In this work, as he asserted, that the king and subject are bound together by reciprocal obligations, the former ceases to be a *legitimate sovereign*, the moment he ceases to be bound by them." For the discovery of the printer of this work, and another, viz. "A seasonable Argument to all the Grand Juries," a reward

was offered by the ministers in the London Gazette. The latter work, written by Mr. Marvell also, was to persuade all the grand juries to petition for a new parliament, &c.

The poems written by Mr. Marvell are numerous, and abound with point and happy turns; they are also less contaminated with coarse and indelicate expressions, than many that were printed in the reign of Charles II. The hymn on Gratitude, and the ode, "The Spacious Firmament on High", both inserted by Mr. Addison in the Spectator, are said to have been written by Mr. Marvell, as well as the celebrated elegiac ballad of "William and Margaret."

In August 1678, after having been secreted for some time, in consequence of the prosecution with which he was threatened by government, it is said, he expired by poison; for he was healthful and vigorous till the moment he was seized with the premeditated ruin. He was buried at the expense of the corporation of Hull, in the church of St. Giles's in the Fields, on September 30, 1678, and in 1688, a monument was erected to his memory, by the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, with an epitaph at once expressive of their grief and gratitude; but this being torn down by some who imagined themselves to be zealous royalists, the following was inscribed at the expense of one of his relatives:—

"Sacred to the memory of
ANDREW MARVELL.
As a strenuous assertor of the constitution,
laws, and liberties of England,
and out of family affection, and admiration
of the uncorrupted probity of his life
and manners,
Robert Nettleton, of London, merchant,
his grand nephew,
hath caused this small memorial of him
to be erected in the year 1764."

Dr. Granger describes him as "of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish faced, cherry cheeked, hazel eyed, brown haired." Biographical history tells us "he was in conversation very modest, and of few words." A portrait of him, painted in 1661, was in possession of Thomas Hollis, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, who was a great admirer of his talents, his character, and independence. Whiskers at that time adorned the upper lip; his countenance seemed rather grave; in short, according to one who esteemed him greatly, "he is exhibited, when he was forty-one, in all the sobriety and decency of the then departed common wealth." In Latin, as well as English, he wrote with great facility. Under the inspection of Milton, he drew up several state papers: he also penned the *Parliamenti Angliæ Declaratio.*

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

MONDAY, August 8.—*The Duenna*, that admirable production of Mr. Sheridan's genius, was performed here this evening to a most crowded and brilliant audience. A Mr. Mayo made his first appearance in the part of *Antonio*; but he possesses no powers. With this exception, the piece was got up in a style worthy of its merits, and it must be admitted that *The Duenna* is of the first class of modern English opera. Mr. Quick, in the part of *Isaac, the Jew*, was greeted on his *entrée*, with loud and repeated plaudits. His excellence in the part is almost proverbial.—He played it with great truth and chasteness.—He was admirably supported by the comic humour of Mrs. Sparks in *The Duenna*; and the effect of their united efforts was acknowledged by the house in constant peals of applause. The chief weight of the vocal department fell upon Mrs. Mountain in *Clara*, and Mr. Phillips in *Don Carlos*. It could not be possibly sustained with more ability. Mrs. Mountain appeared in good health and spirits. Her fine talents were never developed more happily, nor with greater effect. Of Mr. Phillips, in *Don Carlos*, it would be difficult to speak in adequate terms of praise. His songs, particularly "*Ah! sure a pair*," and "*Had I a heart for falsehood framed*," were heard with rapture, and *encored* with acclamations. The sweetness and clearness of

his tones, his taste and science, all combined to make an impression, and to excite an enthusiasm, to which few indeed could aspire. At the commencement of the third act, Mr. Phillips made an apology for the absence of Mr. Smith, who was taken suddenly ill, and requested the indulgence of the audience in favour of Mr. Doyle, his substitute in the part of *Father Paul*. The apology was well received, and Mr. Doyle gave ample satisfaction. *The Lay Brother* also found an excellent representative in Mr. Oxberry. The part of *Louisa* was, we believe, originally intended for Mrs. Bishop, but from her illness, it devolved upon Mrs. Orger, who played it with great spirit and vivacity. Mr. Penson, in *Don Jerome*, was admirable. The dresses and decorations were most splendid, and the *coup d'œil* was beautiful in the extreme. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and her party, occupied the Lord Chamberlain's box.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WHEN Hercules was cleansing the Augean stable, the fine gentlemen of his time would exercise their raillery on his employment: and all those who had seen the accumulation of ordure; and they whose business it was to have prevented it, would not be backward in exciting every opposition to the hero's undertaking. Hercules, however, persisted; and the cleansing of the Augean stable is esteemed not the least of his labours. What happened in his days, we have seen exemplified in our own. The task performed by Mr. Wardle has created no small degree of enmity and ill will against him. Hercules required only mechanical strength to get through his employment: when he had once taken his measures, perseverance carried him through his labours, and every day brought him nearer to the end. He had not a Chancellor of the Exchequer to break his wheel-barrows, nor an Attorney-General to poison his horses: there might be growlers and laughers, but they did not interfere with his task. Mr. Wardle had an host of enemies to contend with; and every man, who dabbled with corruption, was his foe. Gladly was an opportunity seized to attack him: but we are glad to find, that it ended in the disgrace of his enemies, and a more pointed opprobrium on the advocates of that system of corruption, which every moment is endeavouring to raise its hydra head, and to ruin every man, who wishes well to his country.

A civil suit had taken place between Mr. Wardle and an upholsterer, on the subject of goods, which were said to have been ordered by him, for the use of the woman, whose evidence, from her connection with the Duke of York, had been so instrumental to the detection of a variety of abuses. The jury gave a verdict in favour of the tradesman; and immediately a hue and cry was raised against Mr. Wardle, as if his exertions, in a cause of the greatest importance to his country, were rendered null and void, on account of a dispute about a tradesman's bill. The whole put us in mind of the articles of high treason against Gulliver; and the good people of England, who were gulled by the advocates for corruption, may be compared to the Queen of Lilliput, whose delicate susceptibility was shocked by the means employed so successfully for the preservation of her palace and her city. Mr. Wardle had received the thanks of the city of London: the common council of the metropolis was thought the fittest place to begin the attack upon his well-earned reputation. Notice was artfully given of a motion to rescind the vote of thanks to him; and it was intended, that this should operate throughout the country, as a decisive proof of a change in the public opinion. As long as the question remained undetermined, the advocates for corruption made use of the argument in their favour: and they presumed, that by dint of artifice they should be able to create a prejudice against Mr. Wardle, and annihilate the effect of the previous votes in his favour. But their whole scheme was ruined by the fortitude of public spirited men, who were determined, that the country should not be so

cajoled, and that the enemies of Mr. Wardle should bring forward the arguments on which they pretended to overthrow the previous unanimous acts of the city.

A common council was holden for the determination of this important question; and the speeches delivered upon this occasion were superior to the greater part of the best of those that are heard in the house of commons. The person, who gave the notice, did not make his appearance; but sent to the Lord Mayor a paltry letter of excuse on the subject, sufficiently exposing the baseness of the motives on which the notice was founded. The question was, however, brought forward, and the nature of the previous vote of thanks sufficiently displayed. Alderman Goodbehere and Mr. Waithman were particularly distinguished, and the discussion ended in the complete establishment of the vote of thanks to Mr. Wardle, and in stronger resolutions on the subject of abuses, which he had developed, and on others which had been subsequently discovered. In these resolutions the corrupt and illegal traffic for seats in parliament, in which several of his majesty's ministers had been implicated, was particularly noticed and reprobated. Ld. Castlereagh's conduct was brought forward with peculiar and deserved censure; and it was properly noticed, that there appears to be "an unabating effort on the part of "those, notoriously under the influence of government, or who participate in the existing frauds, corruptions, and peculations, to cry "down, vilify, and traduce every man "who has courage and integrity to "expose such practices."

There cannot be a doubt of the wish of every man, interested in the present abuses, to prevent inquiry, and to carry on the government for their own immediate profit. But Mr. Wardle is also in a peculiar situation. He is not the cat's-paw of a party, nor did he bring forward his measures with a view to the expulsion of the present ministers, and the introducing of his own friends in their room.—This new doctrine of aiming at the public good, without reference to party, is so adverse to the present system of politics, that the factions of the ins and the outs are both against him. He has committed the unpardonable sin, that of exposing abuses with a view to their immediate correction. But the more he is the object of the indignation of party men, the more ought he to be supported by the true friends of their country: and the example set by the city of London will, we trust, so appall the advocates for corruption, that, however they may dart their envenomed shafts, they will, as in this case, be only injuring themselves. Mr. Wardle will, we trust, at the meeting of parliament renew his exertions for the cleansing of the Augean stable. He is engaged in a noble cause; and the people, if they are not true to him, deserve to suffer all the evils which accumulated abuses must inevitably bring upon them.

If the city of London in this manner checked the rising spirit of the corrupt faction, and taught it that its practice would meet with severe repulse, the county of Middlesex set an example which is peculiarly worthy of imitation. Upwards of three hundred freeholders signed a requisition to the sheriff to call a county meeting, to take into consideration the representative system, as it at present stands, and the propriety of petitioning for a reform. A very numerous and respectable body in consequence attended the summons of the sheriff; and Major Cartwright, the veteran, whose publications for many years have breathed the true spirit of liberty, brought forward the business in a very appropriate speech. He shewed the corrupt manner in which the seats of the House of Commons were filled, and the pernicious consequences to the king and country, from the base system of misrepresentation, which rendered futile all the advantages of a representative government. He treated with contempt the members of the borough-mongering faction, who had usurped the government of the country; whose authority, as long as he had a legal king, he declared he would never stoop to acknowledge: and he assured the meeting that nothing was wanting on its part but perseverance, and they would trample on the reptiles who had so long trampled on them. The Major then proposed

several resolutions, which were seconded by Mr. Hare Townsend.

Mr. Mallet approved the substance of the resolutions, but did not approve of the House of Commons being called representatives of the people. This was an abuse of language: they were not representatives of the people:—their true name was the Lower House of Parliament. He thought the proper mode of proceeding to be, to petition the king not to issue writs for members to any of the rotten boroughs: it was needless to petition the lower house of parliament, which was divided between ministers and an oligarchy who had usurped the rights of the people.——Mr. Bently conceived that a petition to the king would be handed over to some favourite, and never meet the royal attention.—Mr. Waithman, and several other gentlemen, supported the resolutions as they stood, which afterwards were passed unanimously, together with a petition to the House of Commons.

Mr. Byng was then appointed to present the petition; who, in a very excellent speech, accepted the appointment; declaring his sentiments to be, and always to have been, in favour of reform; because the lower house, as at present constituted, was not a fair representation of the people. The right of voting, he thought, ought to be extended to those who kept house and paid taxes. He was a firm friend to both the monarchy and aristocracy, because these institutions were useful to the people: but to make them efficiently useful, it was necessary that the people should have their fair share in the government.

Mr. Mellish, the other member, made the most ungracious speech that ever representative uttered before his constituents. He observed, that one resolution went to instruct the members to support the petition. For his part, if he thought a reform necessary, he should be certainly happy to support that measure: but, when his opinion differed from their's (his constituents), he conceived he was under no obligation to obey their instructions. Major Cartwright then brought forward a petition to the king; but, though highly approved of, it was, upon the whole, thought better to content themselves with a petition to the lower house. The usual thanks were then given to the Sheriff, Major Cartwright, and Mr. Byng.

On the conduct of Mr. Mellish on this occasion there can be only one opinion: but his speech is the severest sarcasm upon the present system that can be uttered. He, the representative for a county, tells his constituents that he shall not mind their instructions; whilst a member, who is put in by a borough-monger, is obliged to quit his seat if he differs in opinion with his principal. Thus the people are left in a very awkward state. The borough-mongers have a complete controul upon their own members: but the representatives of counties and cities are to follow their own opinions, without any regard to that of the people. But how contemptible in the eye of reason is the state of a county representative! Considering him as representing a large body of men, he is of great importance in the state: but, if his vote is levelled to a portion of that only of a borough-monger, whose seat in the lower house may depend on land without an inhabitant, the county member dwindles into disgraceful insignificance. To rescue county members from this disgrace, to restore them to their true dignity, to free the king from the shackles of this borough-mongering system, is a grand object, and ought to be strenuously pursued: for the borough-mongers, like leeches, will stick to the carcase, till not a drop of blood remains; and, unless they are destroyed, the constitution may remain in name, but its real essence is lost.

The resolutions of this meeting deserve universal consideration. They describe the state of the representation, the nature of the sale of seats, the fact that the representation has been usurped by a corrupt oligarchy, the truth that the king and people are equally interested in the reform, because the faction has interests separate from each and inimical to both.—Upon these principles the petition is founded; which calls upon the wisdom and the justice of the house to grant that relief as shall be consistent with the leading principles of our happy constitution—a full and free

representation of the people in parliament. In one resolution Sir F. Burdett is thanked for his motion on reform in the last session, which he is requested to renew, and counties, cities, and towns, are urged to come forward with earnest and respectful petitions. We are glad to see the thanks given to Sir F. Furdett, for he stands in the same situation with Mr. Wardle; the advocate for measures essential to the welfare of the country, and not the partisan of those, who are, or who desire to be, in the administration. The question, indeed, is so simple and clear, that nothing but the sloth of the people can prevent their success. Yet we have seen, in the existence of the papal power, how long the human mind may be kept in subjection to the most degrading influence; and the corrupt faction of borough-mongers may rivet their chains still faster, and, with all the forms of a free constitution, England may become the most degraded of nations.

A popular writer has, in his weekly lucubrations, represented the above transactions as of more importance to this country than any contemporary event, and in the opinion we agree with him; for, if our constitution is really of the importance that all parties give it, it surely behoves all parties to take care that the constitution be preserved, and not a mockery substituted in its place. Another event has occupied a much inferior degree of attention, though, in fact, many circumstances attending it, are likely to make a great impression on the most valuable part of our strength, the navy. After the engagement in the Basque Roads, it was intended to propose the usual vote of thanks to the admiral, and the fleet under his command. Lord Cochrane, who had distinguished himself so much on the occasion, declared, that if such a motion were brought forward in the House he should think it his duty to oppose it. The consequence was an enquiry by a court-martial into the conduct of the admiral, which sat for several days. Lord Cochrane gave his evidence, in which he persisted in the opinion he had maintained; but he was not supported in it by several officers of the navy, who, for the most part, to be sure, were not so immediately in the action, yet were sufficiently near to form some estimate of the difficulties of the undertaking. The court-martial decided in favour of the admiral, who was most honourably acquitted; and, as the trial is printed, every one is at liberty to form his own opinion of the transaction. One circumstance is to be observed, that Lord Cochrane was not the accuser, but only an evidence; and though the court-martial have differed in opinion from him, it lies entirely in the breast of his lordship to oppose a vote of thanks should the minister ever bring it forward. Of one fact we are certain, namely, that Lord Cochrane did his duty to the utmost, for all concur with the admiral in testifying their admiration of his conduct; and he has been honoured by his sovereign with a peculiar mark of distinction, for his courage and perseverance, and skill. A vote of thanks then, in which he does not concur, will be of little value; for what are landsmen to think, when he, who was the nearest to the point of danger, condemns the conduct of his superior, who was all the time at a distance. It is probable, however, that the matter will rest here, and that the admiral will be satisfied with the testimony of the court-martial. We shall be sorry if it introduces any ill blood in the navy: for to such men as Lord Cochrane we are indebted for the superiority of our seamen over those of other nations.

The affairs of the Continent are marked by a transaction, which at one time would have filled Europe with horror and astonishment, but is now only an object of derision and contempt. His pretended holiness, the Pope, is not satisfied with the situation into which he is placed by Bonaparte, and scorns his bounty. He recollects the times in which a predecessor of his had an emperor at his feet; but seems to have forgotten that his bulls have lost their charms. The old gentleman, reduced to that insignificance, in which he ought always to have been kept, protests against the seizure of his territories, and excommunicates all that have had any part in it. But who cares now for his excommunication? It is not of so much conse-

quence as that of the Church of England, which is still a terror to some country bumpkins. The world is not foolish enough to trouble its head at an excommunication tendered by this or that priest, but holds the nonsense of them all in equal contempt. The bayonets of Bonaparte are too strong for the bulls of the Pope; and happy would it have been for mankind if the temporal had always maintained its jurisdiction over the pretended spiritual powers; and, if the reducing of the Pope into his proper place, had been the worst of the French acts, mankind would have great cause for gratitude to the French arms. Many protestants, indeed, feel a great degree of concern for the old impostor, but we are not of that number; we rejoice that his tricks are found out, and blown upon, and that mankind is likely to be freed from his delusions. As his power is thus fallen, it is a presage, that other impostors of the same kind will in due time meet with a similar fate. The usurpation of a priest is worse than the worst of civil tyrannies.

But the intrigues of the Court of of Rome have little weight now in the affairs of Europe; the voice of the cannon is more heard, and more attended to. Indeed it has been silent on the banks of the Danube, but the shores of the Scheldt and the Tagus have resounded with its terrors. We observed in our last, that whilst the British troops are employed in taking an island, Bonaparte is settling the destiny of an empire. The result of his determinations has not, however, reached us, and reports are circulated that the armistice is broken, and that the Austrians are to try again the events of war. To do this with better chance of success, the Archduke Charles is said to have given up the command of the army, which the Prince of Lichtenstein has taken to himself. Should there be any truths in these reports, we can augur no good effects to the Austrian emperor. If he succeeded so ill after such vast preparations, what is he to expect with troops dispirited by continual ill success, diminished in numbers, and with inferior resources. The richest parts of his dominions are in the hands of his enemies, and what remains lie scattered, and little able to assist each other. Still the terms of peace may be so harsh as to excite despair. Of this, however, the repeated proofs of French policy, forbid us to expect the advantages; and we cannot entertain any hopes of resistance to the French. The negociations most probably, are going on, and before this reaches the press the terms of peace may arrive. The negociations will, of course, keep every thing secret, till the whole is determined upon; but as Bonaparte is not returned to France, the arrangements, we may be persuaded, are not completely concluded.

What excited hopes in this country of renewed hostilities on the part of the Austrians, was our attack upon the Dutch coasts, and the repulse of the French in Spain. But neither of these events seem to bear at all on the affairs on the Danube. The French are there in full force. Fresh troops are daily arriving. Strong forts have been given up to them, and no impression, that is made in Spain or in Holland, can at all tend to assist the Austrians. If there had been any probability of their success, the Duke of Brunswick Oels would hardly have fled with his troops through Germany, and sought for refuge on board our transports. He would assuredly have taken the road to Bohemia, where, small as his reinforcements might be, it must have been acceptable. The fugitives with him are made up probably of all nations, who look to British pay as a much better resource than the exhausted treasures of Austria.

The part taken by Russia is not known. The French banners fly in the part of Poland seized from the Austrians, and if Austria should be deprived of all share in that country, no man can repine at its fate. Of all the acts of jacobinism, that have been perpetrated, the partition of Poland may be esteemed to rank the highest in infamy; and it is some satisfaction to see, that two of the states, engaged in it, have lost their share of the robbery. The Russians have a considerable army in that quarter, and are actually engaged in a war with the Turks; but we hear little of the progress of their arms. In the negociations, however, their interests will be

considered, and Austria will now be compelled to co-operate in the plans, which were probably laid down by the two emperors in the German conference. No prospect appears of a peace between us, and the great northern empire, which must be not a little exasperated at finding its territories exposed to the attacks of our fleets; for its northern port, Archangel, has received a visit from us, and a very great booty has been gained by our sailors.

In Sweden the utmost tranquillity reigns, and the revolution has been made with such ease, that the only wonder now in men's minds is, that it did not take place before, and that their Quixotic prince had not sooner been placed in a situation more suitable to his repose, and the happiness of his subjects. We have still to regret, that a good account of the proceedings of the diet have not reached us. Many excellent reforms are said to have been made. The different bodies which constitute the legislature of that kingdom, are said to have been much less animated by party prejudices than could have been expected; and that, seeing the necessity of union for the safety of the country, all have co-operated in the forming of laws, which have the general good in view, and not the little pursuits of faction.

Germany remains in an unsettled state. The king of Westphalia is still in Saxony, and the latter king remains in Frankfort. The king of Bavaria feels the effects of the war, but has not hitherto received his reward. His southern neighbours are become more quiet. The duke of Brunswick Oels has made his escape to England, and, by a rapid flight through the north of Germany, escaped the vigilance of the French, and brought a number of the people he had collected and embodied, on board our transports. The king of Holland has lost part of his dominions, and may lose more, for our troops are very near him, and it is not known what are to be the ultimate ends of our grand expedition.

This grand expedition has had the attention of England fixed upon it for a considerable time. As yet nothing has been done worthy of its greatness; it has taken some islands in the mouth of the Scheldt, and little or no resistance made any where, except at Flushing. This town was exposed to a severe bombardment, and endured the burning of a very great part of it before the commander would consent to a surrender. Had he persisted not a brick would have been left in its original place, and our rockets would have so scattered their fire that every piece of timber must have been burned. The garrison was made prisoners of war, and among them, it seems, are many Irish soldiers and officers, who after having been driven from their country, and given to the king of Prussia, enlisted in the service of the French. In what manner they are to be treated time will shew. The English army is now at liberty to pursue the farther objects of its destination; and its ships of war are advanced into the Scheldt. The burning of some ships of the line above Antwerp is the next attempt; but so great a length of time has elapsed since the army landed in Walcheren, that it will argue great want of attention on the part of the French, if they are not fully prepared to resist us. The king of Holland must have troops sufficient to guard the northern banks of the Scheldt, and to the south the whole resources of the Netherlands and of France may be brought with ease to Antwerp. We have, however, such a prodigious force, upwards of six thousand cannon, that to them, and the bravery of our sailors, nothing scarcely will be deemed impossible.

If our troops in Walcheren have had little opportunity of displaying their valour, our army in Spain has signalized itself, and, in a conflict with the French, the usual superiority of the English has been shewn. Sir Arthur Wellesley had advanced with his army to Talavera, and, combined with the forces of Spain, was prepared to oppose a body of upwards of sixty thousand men, to the attacks of the French. The greater part of this body consisted of Spaniards, who occupied his right wing, being near to the junction of the Alberche with the Tagus, and strongly defended by their position. In the centre, and to the left, were the English forces, in front of the Alberche, and on them the

French army, with king Bonaparte at their head, made a most tremendous attack. Upwards of forty thousand men are said to have been at this time under his command, and the brunt of the battle lay on the left wing and the centre, on which the French, in vain, during two days and an intervening night, attempted to make an impression. They were repulsed every where, and lost several pieces of cannon and colours. But they made their retreat in a very regular manner, and were not followed by the combined army. This is an extraordinary circumstance, particularly so, as it does not appear that the Spanish body had suffered in the engagement. Our general states his loss, in killed, wounded, and missing, at upwards of five thousand men, and gives the double of that number to the French. He attributes his remaining in the same position to the want of provisions, and the extreme fatigue of the troops; but as the French have retreated in such a manner, a severe battle must still be fought before they can be driven out of the country.

On the battle itself, it must be observed, that it affords a decisive proof, that however superior the French may be to other nations, their contests with the English must be very severe; and if the Spaniards are encouraged to act with the spirit that this ought to inspire, their ultimate success is certain. There are some hopes too, that the junta sees the state of the kingdom in its true light. In the remarks that have been published in the papers under its authority, the evils of the former government are fully acknowledged. Hence there is reason to believe, that some exertions will be made to meliorate the state of the country. The whole depends very much on the events that have taken place since the battle. Should the combined army drive the French again to the north of the Ebro, it is to be presumed, that they will not commit the fatal mistake of leaving them to intrench themselves. There must be no rest to the English and Spanish arms till the French are driven to the other side of the Pyrenees. The bravery of the Spaniards, in some places, forbids us to doubt, that if they were properly conducted, they would fail of success.

Our arms have been crowned with success both in Africa and the West Indies. In the former, Senegal has submitted to us; in the latter St. Domingo to the joint troops of England and Spain. The possession in Africa will not add much to our trade, the loss to the French in the latter will be felt, as they now are nearly driven from a connexion with the West Indies, and probably the remaining territory will be taken from them. We hear little of Spanish America, where no genius has hitherto appeared to take advantage of the conflicts in Europe.

The United States have received the intelligence of the embarrassments respecting the treaty of Peace. They do not appear to have produced any very great sensation; and it is hoped, that negociation may still settle our differences. The debates in their Congress are carried on with very little party spirit; and their President seems to give that general satisfaction to which he is intitled by his merits. They will, it is to be hoped, shew the world how much better a peaceful nation is than one that is perpetually at war; and that it is not for the benefit of a country to shed its blood for commercial pursuits. The Chinese empire has afforded them an example; and it is curious enough, that Great Britain should have so conducted herself, that so mighty an empire as that of China, and so considerable a country as the States of America, should, at the same time nearly, be under the necessity of threatening us with a denial of intercourse. The Chinese were perfectly right, for, had our landing armed men in their country been once connived at, no one can tell to what extent the number would hereafter amount. The Chinese said to us, Remove your troops from our territories, or you never more trade here. The demand was perfectly reasonable, but the manner in which the emperor treats us does not suit the haughty pretensions of our nation. He calls us a bad nation, that requites ill the indulgence he has shewn, in permitting us to trade with the celestial kingdom.

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"J. G. R." confers a distinguishing honour upon our Magazine by sending us his poetry. Ex. Gr.

"*Lines on Anger.*

"Tho' wrath and *angur* in me bosom *burns*,
I will rend *the* out distractive in thy powrs
Like *lightening* flash[d] within my frame
But *thankes* no *risting plase* is found
Blustrious as the *roul'ng* billows
Distractive as the storm."

We looked at the post mark; but it is not from Moorfields.

The Life of Sir R. Wigram, Bart. is inadmissible.

Many favours are deferred for want of room.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

OPERATIONS *of the* BRITISH ARMY *in* SPAIN.

LONDON GAZETTE, AUG. 12.

Dispatches, of which the following are extracts, have been received at the office of Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B.

Placentia, 15th July, 1809.

MY LORD,—After I had written to your lordship on the 1st instant, Joseph Bonaparte crossed the Tagus again, and joined Sebastiani with the troops he had brought from Madrid, and with a detachment from Marshal Victor's corps, making the corps of Sebastiani about twenty-eight thousand men, with an intention of attacking Venegas's corps. Venegas, however, retired into the mountains of the Sierra Morena, and Colonel Larey with his advanced guard attacked a French advanced corps in the night, and destroyed many of them. The French troops then returned again to the Tagus, which river Joseph had crossed with the reinforcement which

he had taken to Sebastiani's corps; and this last corps, consisting of ten thousand men only, was on the left bank of the Tagus, about Madrelejos, in front of Venegas, who was again advancing. The last accounts from this quarter were of the 8th. The French army under Victor, joined by the detachments brought by Joseph from Sebastiani's corps, and amounting in the whole to about thirty-five thousand men, are concentrated in the neighbourhood of Talavera, and on the Alberche; General Cuesta's army has been in the position which I informed your lordship that it had taken up since I addressed you on the 1st instant. The advanced guard of the British army arrived here on the 8th, and the troops which were with me on the Tagus arrived by the 10th; the 23d Light Dragoons and the 48th arrived yesterday; the 61st regiment will arrive to-morrow. I went to Gen. Cuesta's quarters at Almarez on the 10th, and stayed there till the 12th, and I have arranged with that General a plan of operations upon the French army, which we are to begin to carry into execution on the 18th, if the French should remain so long in their position.

The Spanish army under General Cuesta consists of about thirty-eight thousand men, (exclusive of Venegas's corps) of which seven thousand are cavalry. About fourteen thousand men are detached to the bridge of Arzobispo, and the remainder are in the camp under the Puerte de Miraheate. I have the pleasure to inform your lordship, that the seven battalions of infantry from Ireland and the islands, and the troop of horse artillery from Great Britain, arrived at Lisbon in the beginning of the month. Gen. Craufurd's brigade is on its march to join the army, but will not arrive here till the 24th or 25th.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. WELLESLEY.

Talavera de la Reyna, July 24, 1809.

MY LORD,—According to the arrangement which I had settled with General Cuesta, the army broke up from Placentia on the 17th and 18th instant, and reached Oropesa on the 20th, where it formed a junction with the Spanish army under his command. Sir Robert Wilson had marched from the Venta de Bazagon, on the Tictar, with the Lusitanian Legion, a battalion of Portuguese Chasseurs, and two Spanish battalions on the 15th; he arrived at Arenas on the 19th, and on the Alberche, at Escalona, on the 23d. General Venegas had also been directed to break up from Madrileyos on the 18th and 19th, and to march by Trenblequе and Ocana to Puenteduenas on the Tagus, where that river is crossed by a ford, and thence to Arganda, where he was to arrive on the 22d and 23d. On the 22d, the combined armies moved from Oropesa, and the advanced guards attacked the enemy's outposts at Talavera. Their right was turned by the 1st Hussars and the 23d Light Dragoons, under General Anson, directed by Lieut.-General Payne, and by the division of infantry under the command of Major-General Mackenzie, and they were driven in by the Spanish advanced guards under the command of General Sarjas and the Duc d'Albuquerque. We lost eleven horses by the fire of canon from the enemy's position on the Alberche, and the Spaniards had some men wounded. The columns were formed for the attack of this position yesterday, but the attack was postponed till this morning by desire of General Cuesta, when the different corps destined for the attack were put in motion, but the enemy had retired at about one in the morning to Santa Olalla, and thence towards Torrijos; I conclude to form a junction with the corps under General Sebastiani. I have not been able to follow the enemy as I could wish, on account of the great deficiency of means of transport in Spain. I inclose the copy of a letter, which I thought it proper to address upon this subject to Major-General O'Donoghue, Adjutant-General of the Spanish army, as soon as I found that this country would furnish no means of this description. General Cuesta has urged the Central Junta to adopt vigorous measures to relieve our wants; till I am supplied, I do not think it proper, and indeed I cannot continue my operations. I have great hopes, however, that before long, I shall be supplied from Andalusia and La Mancha with

the means which I require, and I shall then resume the active operations which I have been compelled to relinquish.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) A. WELLESLEY.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15.

Copy of a dispatch received by Lord Viscount Castlereagh, from Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Wellesley.

Talavera de la Reyna, July 29.

MY LORD,—General Cuesta followed the enemy's march with his army from the Alberche on the morning of the 24th as far as Santa Olalla, and pushed forward his advanced guard as far as Torrijos. For the reasons stated to your lordship in my dispatch of the 24th, I moved only two divisions of infantry and a brigade of cavalry across the Alberche to Casalegos, under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke, with a view to keep up the communication between General Cuesta and me, and with Sir R. Wilson's corps at Escalona.

It appears that General Venegas had not carried into execution that part of the plan of operations which related to his corps, and that he was still at Daniel, in La Mancha; and the enemy in the course of the 24th, 25th, and 26th, collected all his forces in this part of Spain between Torrijos and Toledo, leaving but a small corps of 2000 men in that place. His united army thus consisted of the corps of Marshal Victor, of that of General Sebastiani, and of 7 or 8000 men the guards of Joseph Bonaparte, and the garrison of Madrid; and it was commanded by Joseph Bonaparte, aided by Marshals Jourdan and Victor, and General Sebastiani. On the 26th, General Cuesta's advanced guard was attacked near Torrijos, and obliged to fall back, and the General retired with his army on that day to the left bank of the Alberche, General Sherbrooke continuing at Casalegos, and the enemy at Santa Olalla. It was then obvious that the enemy intended to try the result of a general action, for which the best position appeared to be in the neighbourhood of Talavera; and General Cuesta having consented to take up this position on the morning of the 27th, I ordered General Sherbrooke to retire with his corps to its station in the line, leaving General Mackenzie with a division of infantry and a brigade of cavalry as an advanced post in the wood on the right of Alberche, which covered our left flank. The position taken up by the troops at Talavera extended rather more than two miles; the ground was open upon the left, where the British army was stationed, and it was commanded by a height on which was, in echellon and in second line, a division of infantry under the orders of Major-General Hill.

There was a valley between this height, and a range of mountains still further upon the left, which valley was not at first occupied, as it was commanded by the height above-mentioned; and the range of mountains appeared too distant to have any influence upon the expected action. The right, consisting of Spanish troops, extended immediately in front of the town of Talavera down to the Tagus. This part of the ground was covered by olive trees, and much intersected by banks and ditches. The high road leading from the bridge over the Alberche, was defended by a heavy battery in front of a church, which was occupied by Spanish infantry. All the avenues to the town were defended in a similar manner; the town was occupied, and the remainder of the Spanish infantry was formed in two lines behind the banks, on the roads which led, from the town and the right, to the left of our position.

In the centre, between the two armies, there was a commanding spot of ground, on which we had commenced to construct a redoubt, with some open ground in its rear. Brigadier-General Alex. Campbell was posted at this spot with a division of infantry, supported in his rear by General Cotton's brigade of dragoons, and some Spanish cavalry.

At about two o'clock on the 27th, the enemy appeared in strength on the left bank of the Alberche, and manifested an intention to attack Gen. Mackenzie's division. The attack was made before they could be withdrawn; but the troops, consisting of General Mackenzie's and Colonel Donkin's

brigades, and Gen. Anson's brigade of cavalry, and supported by General Payne with the other four regiments of cavalry, in the plain between Talavera and the wood, withdrew in good order, with some loss, particularly by the 2d batt. 87th reg. and 2d batt. 31st reg. in the wood. Upon this occasion the steadiness and discipline of the 45th reg. and of 5th batt. 60th reg. were conspicuous; and I had particular reason for being satisfied with the manner in which Gen. Mackenzie withdrew his advanced guard.

As the day advanced, the enemy appeared in larger numbers on the right of the Alberche, and it was obvious that he was advancing to a general attack upon the combined army. General Mackenzie continued to fall back gradually upon the left of the position of the combined armies, where he was placed in the second line, in the rear of the Guards, Col. Donkin being placed in the same situation further upon the left in the rear of the King's German Legion. The enemy immediately commenced his attack in the dusk of the evening, by a cannonade on the left of our position, and by an attempt with his cavalry to overthrow the Spanish infantry posted, as I have before stated, on the right. This attempt failed entirely.

Early in the night he pushed a division along the valley on the left of the height occupied by General Hill, of which he gained a momentary possession, but Major-General Hill attacked it instantly with the bayonet, and regained it. This attack was repeated in the night, but failed; and again at daylight in the morning of the 28th, by two divisions of infantry, and was repulsed by Major-General Hill. Major-General Hill has reported to me in a particular manner the conduct of the 29th reg. and of the 1st batt. 48th reg. in the different affairs, as well as that of Major-Gen. Tilson, and Brigadier-General Richard Stewart. We have lost many brave officers and soldiers in the defence of this important point in our position; among others I cannot avoid to mention Brigade-Majors Fordyce and Gardner; and Major-General Hill was himself wounded, but I am happy to say, but slightly.

The defeat of this attempt was followed about noon by a general attack with the enemy's whole force upon the whole of that part of the position occupied by the British army.

In consequence of the repeated attempts upon the height on our left by the valley, I had placed two brigades of British cavalry in that valley, supported in the rear by the Duc d'Albuquerque's division of Spanish cavalry. The enemy then placed light infantry in the range of mountains on the left of the valley, which were opposed by a division of Spanish infantry, under Lieut-Gen. De Bassecourt.

The general attack began by the march of several columns of infantry into the valley, with a view to attack the height occupied by Major-Gen. Hill. These columns were immediately charged by the 1st German light-dragoons, and 23d dragoons, under the command of General Anson, directed by Lieut.-Gen. Payne, and supported by General Fane's brigade of heavy cavalry; and although the 23d dragoons suffered considerable loss, the charge had the effect of preventing the execution of that part of the enemy's plan.

At the same time he directed an attack upon Brigadier-General Alex. Campbell's position in the centre of the combined armies, and on the right of the British. This attack was most successfully repulsed by Brigadier-General Campbell, supported by the King's regiment of Spanish cavalry, and two battalions of Spanish infantry; and Brigadier-General Campbell took the enemy's cannon.

An attack was also made at the same time upon Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke's division, which was on the left and centre of the 1st line of the British army. This attack was most gallantly repulsed by a charge with bayonets by the whole division; but the brigade of Guards, which were on the right, having advanced too far, they were exposed on their left flank to the fire of the enemy's battery, and of their retiring columns; and the division was obliged to retire towards the original position, under cover of the 2d line of General Cotton's brigade of cavalry, which I had moved from the centre, and of the 1st batt. 48th reg. I had moved this regiment from its

original position on the heights, as soon as I observed the advance of the Guards; it was formed in the plain, and advanced upon the enemy, and covered the formation of Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke's division.

Shortly after the repulse of this general attack, in which apparently all the enemy's troops were employed, he commenced his retreat across the Alberche, which was conducted in the most regular order, and was effected during the night, leaving in our hands 20 pieces of cannon, ammunition, tumbrils, and some prisoners.

Your lordship will observe by the inclosed return the great loss which we have sustained of valuable officers and soldiers, in this long and hard-fought action, with more than double our numbers. That of the enemy has been much greater. I am informed that entire brigades of infantry have been destroyed, and indeed the battalions that retreated were much reduced in numbers. By all accounts their loss is 10,000 men. Generals Lapiffe and Morlot are killed; Generals Sebastiani and Boulet wounded.

I have particularly to lament the loss of Major-General Mackenzie, who had distinguished himself on the 27th; and of Brig.-Gen. Langwerth, of the King's German Legion; and of Brigade-Major Beckett, of the Guards.

Your Lordship will observe, that the attacks of the enemy were principally, if not entirely, directed against the British troops. The Spanish commander in chief, his officers, and troops, manifested every disposition to render us assistance, and those of them which were engaged did their duty; but the ground which they occupied was so important, and its front at the same time so difficult, that I did not think it proper to urge them to make any movement on the left of the enemy while he was engaged with us.

I have reason to be satisfied with the conduct of all the officers and troops. I am much indebted to Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke for the assistance I received from him, and for the manner in which he led on his division to the charge with bayonets. To Lieut.-General Payne and the cavalry, particularly General Anson's brigade; to Major-Generals Hill and Tilson, Brig.-Generals Alex. Campbell, Richard Stewart, and Cameron, and to the divisions and brigades of infantry under their commands respectively; particularly, the 29th reg. commanded by Colonel White; the 1st batt. 48th, commanded by Col. Donnellan, afterwards, when that officer was wounded, by Major Middlemore; 2d batt. 7th, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Sir Wm. Myers; 2d batt. 53d, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Bingham; 97th, commanded by Col. Lyon; 1st batt. of detachments, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Bunbury; and 2d batt. 31st, commanded by Major Watson; and of the 45th, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Guard; and 5th batt. 60th, commanded by Major Davy, on the 27th. The advance of the brigade of Guards was most gallantly conducted by Brig.-Gen. Campbell, and, when necessary, that brigade retired, and formed again in the best order. The artillery under Brig.-Gen. Howorth was also, throughout these days, of the greatest service, and I had every reason to be satisfied with the assistance I received from the chief engineer Lieut.-Colonel Fletcher; the adjutant-general Brig.-Gen. the Hon. C. Stewart, and the quarter-master-general Col. Murray, and the officers of those departments respectively, and from Col. Bathurst and the officers of my personal staff. I also received much assistance from Colonel O'Lawlor, of the Spanish service, and from Brig.-Gen. Whittingham, who was wounded when bringing up the two Spanish batts. to the assistance of Brig.-General Alexander Campbell.

I send this by Capt. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who will give your lordship any further information, and whom I beg leave to recommend.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. WELLESLEY.

Return of killed, wounded, and missing, in the above actions.

27th July, 1809.—Killed, 7 officers, 2 serjeants, 122 rank and file. Wounded, 24 officers, 17 serjeants, 1 drummer, 465 rank and file. Missing, 3 officers, 1 serjeant, 2 drummers, 202 rank and file.

28th July, 1809.—Killed, 27 officers, 26 serjeants, 4 drummers, 615 rank and file. Wounded, 171 officers, 148 serjeants, 15 drummers, 3072 rank and file. Missing, 6 officers, 14 serjeants, 7 Drummers, 418 rank and file.——Total—5367.

Ordnance, &c. taken.—4 eight-pounders, 4 six-ditto, 1 four-ditto, 1 six-inch howitzer, 2 tumbrils, complete in ammunition; taken by Brig.-Gen. A. Campbell's brigade. —5 pieces of ordnance, 1 six-inch howitzer, left by the enemy, and found in the woods. —1 standard, taken by 29th regiment; 1 ditto, destroyed by ditto; 3 standards, taken by the King's German Legion.

Extracts of letters from Sir Arthur Wellesley to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, dated Talavera, Aug. 1.

"Since I had the honour of addressing you on 29th July, the enemy have continued to keep a rear-guard of about 10,000 men on the heights on the left of the Alberche. The extreme fatigue of the troops, the want of provisions, and the numbers of wounded to be taken care of, have prevented me from moving from my position. Brig.-Gen. Craufurd arrived with his brigade on the 29th in the morning, having marched 12 Spanish leagues in little more than 24 hours."

"When I addressed you this morning, I had not received the report from the outposts. It appears that the enemy withdrew the rear-guard, which was posted on the left of the Alberche, last night at eleven o'clock and the whole army marched toward Santa Olalla; I conclude, with an intention of taking up a position in the neighbourhood of Guadarama."

Official Details *of the* Operations *of the* British Forces *in* Holland.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Downing-Street, *Aug.* 7.

Dispatches, of which the following are extracts, were last night received at the office of Lord Viscount Castlereagh:

Head Quarters, Middleburgh, 2d August, 1809.

My Lord,—I have the honour of acquainting your lordship, that having sailed from the Downs early in the morning of the 28th ult. with Rear Admiral Sir Richard Strachan, in his majesty's ship Venerable, we arrived the same evening, and anchored in East Capelle Roads, and were joined on the following morning by the division of the army under Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope. It blew in the course of that day a fresh gale from the westward, which created a heavy swell, and the small craft being much exposed, it was determined to seek shelter from them in the anchorage of the Room Pot, where Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope's division was also directed to proceed, in order to possess such points as might be necessary to secure the anchorage, as well as with a view to future operations up the East Scheldt.

The left wing of the army under Lieutenant-General Sir Eyre Coote, particularly destined for the operation against Walcheren, arrived on the 29th, and morning of the 30th, but the wind continuing to blow fresh from the westward, and occasioning a great surf on the beach, both on the side of Zourland, as well as near Domburg, it became expedient, in order to effect a landing, to carry the whole fleet through the narrow and difficult passage into the Veer Gat, hitherto considered impracticable for large ships; which being successfully accomplished, and the necessary preparations for debarkation being completed, I have the satisfaction of acquainting your lordship that the troops landed on the Bree Sand, about a mile to the westward of Fort der Haak, without opposition, when a position was taken up for the night, on the Sand Hills, with East Capelle in front. Lieutenant-General Fraser was detached immediately to the left, against Fort der Haak and Ter Vere, the former of which, on his approach, was evacuated by the enemy, but the town of Vere, which was strong in its defences, and had a garrison of about 600 men, held out till yesterday morning, notwithstanding the heavy and well-directed fire of the bomb-vessels and gun-boats during the preceding day, and until the place was closely invested.

Early on the morning of the 31st, a deputation from Middleburgh, from whence the garrison had been withdrawn into Flushing, having arrived in camp, terms of capitulation were agreed upon, copies of which I have the honour herewith to enclose, as well as that of the garrison of Ter Vere; and the divisions of the army under the orders of Lieutenant-General Lord Paget and Major-General Graham, moved forward, and took up

a position with the right to Maliskirke, the centre at Gyperskirke, and left to St. Laurens.

On the morning of the 1st instant, the troops advanced to the investment of Flushing, which operation was warmly contested by the enemy. In this movement he was driven by Major-General Graham's division on the right, from the batteries of the Dykeshook, the Vygeter, and the Nole, while Brigadier-General Houston's brigade forced the enemy posted on the road from Middleburgh, to retire, with the loss of four guns, and many killed and wounded. Lieutenant-General Lord Paget's division also drove in the posts of the enemy, and took up his position at West Zouberg.

[Here follow expressions of praise to the officers for their judicious conduct, and to the men for their gallantry.]

The pressure of circumstances has prevented the Commanding Officer of Artillery from furnishing a detailed account of the guns and ordnance-stores taken in the several batteries, and fortress of Ter Vere, but which will be hereafter transmitted, with a return of the prisoners taken since our landing, supposed to amount to 1000. I have the honour to be, &c.

CHATHAM.

P.S. Since writing the above letter, I have received intelligence from Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope, that the reserve of the army had effected their landing on South Beeveland, and that a detachment had occupied the town of Goes.

[The Articles of Capitulation entered into for the surrender of the town of Middleburgh to his Britannic Majesty's forces, grant security to every person, and all private property; public functionaries to be permitted to return to any other part of the kingdom of Holland.

Proposals of a Capitulation, by the Commandant of the Fortress of Vere, to his Excellency Lieutenant-General M. Fraser, stipulates that the garrison is to be considered generally as prisoners of war, and shall be disposed of as the British Government shall think proper, and as is customary on such occasions. The inhabitants shall continue to enjoy all their privileges, and be allowed to leave the place.]

Prisoners taken at Ter Veer.

Artillery—1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 captain, 4 lieutenants, 7 serjeants, 9 corporals, 6 fire-workers, 5 artificers, 65 gunners, 1 drummer.

Infantry—4 captains, 4 first-lieutenants, 5 second-lieutenants, 4 serjeant-majors, 18 serjeants, 4 fouriers, 10 drummers, 3 pipers, 328 soldiers.

Naval of the gun-brig Gawlen—1 captain, 1 master, 17 sailors, 1 boy—1 serjeant, 1 corporal, 18 privates (serving as marines.)—Total, 510.

Total killed, wounded, and missing, in the Island of Walcheren, up to the 30th of July.

1 officer, 2 serjeants, 2 drummers, 41 rank and file, killed; 13 officers, 15 serjeants, 1 drummer, 184 rank and file, wounded; 34 rank and file missing.

Middleburgh, 3d August, 1809.

MY LORD,—Since my letter of yesterday's date, I have received intelligence from Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope, of his having occupied Bathz, and taken possession of the whole island of South Beeveland.

I have also the satisfaction to acquaint your Lordship, that upon the batteries being prepared to open, the fortress of Ramakins surrendered this evening. CHATHAM.

Strength of the Garrison of Ramakins.

2 captains, 1 lieutenant, 4 serjeants, 7 corporals, 2 drummers, 111 privates. —Total 127.

Extract of a Letter from Sir R. J. Strachan, Bart. dated

Venerable, off the Veer Gat, Aug. 4.

SIR,—As soon as the ships were secured, measures were instantly taken to prepare to land the army on the island of Walcheren. I did not wait for the gun-boats coming up, but ordered those who happened to be near the Venerable, together with the mortar-brigs, to push in shore, to cover the landing, and to force the Derhaak batteries.

At half past four the boats put under the direction of Lord Amelius Beauclerc, of the Royal Oak, and Captain Cockburn, of the Belleisle, and the troops were landed in excellent order, without opposition; the firing from the mortar and gun vessels having driven the enemy completely from the Derhaak battery.

Having thus accomplished this first object, I lost no time in directing the bombs and gun vessels to proceed up the Veer Gat, off Camvere, and having given Sir Home Popham, who, at the request of Lord Chatham, had remained on shore with his lordship, permission to employ them as the service might require, he the next morning began to cannonade Camvere, which had been summoned, but held out. The fire of the gun-boats was exceedingly well directed, and did much damage to the town. Three of our gun-boats were sunk. In the afternoon it blew fresh, and as the strength of the tide prevented the bombs from acting, I directed the flotilla to fall back, preserving a menacing position. At night, Captain Richardson, of the Cæsar, who was in the Dyke on shore, threw some rockets at the nearest battery at Camvere, and soon after the commanding officer of the town sent out an offer to surrender.

We are getting our flotilla through the Slough into the Western Scheldt, to prevent succours being thrown into Flushing by the Canal of Ghent.

I have, &c. R. J. STRACHAN.

Extracts of two Letters from Sir R. Keats.

Sabrina, off South Beeveland, Aug. 1.

I have the satisfaction to inform you, that Sir John Hope, and 7000 of his division of the army, were landed on South Beeveland this afternoon, since which I have been informed by message from him, that he was met on his approach towards Goes, by the magistrates, into which place he is at liberty to enter whenever he pleases.—Three of the enemy's ships of the line, and six brigs are at anchor off the east end of South Beeveland, the others, I conclude, have moved higher up the Scheldt.

Three of the four sloops I brought up with me struck in coming up.

Sabrina, off Welmindinge, Aug. 3.

Soon after I landed, I was informed by letter from Sir John Hope, that Bathz had been evacuated in the night; and, as he informed me, the communication was open between Walcheren and this island, I concluded you would hear it from hence, and went on to Bathz with a view to make observations, and from which I am this moment returned.

R. G. KEATS.

LONDON GAZETTE, Aug. 19.

Extracts of Dispatches received at the Admiralty-Office from Sir R. Strachan, K.B.

Kangaroo, West Scheldt, off the Kaloot, August 11, 1809.

SIR,—I beg leave to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that I am this moment going up to Bathz, in South Beveland, which has been attacked by a strong detachment of the enemy's flotilla, and which, by Sir R. Keats's reports, consists of two frigates, one bearing a Vice-Admiral's flag, 30 brigs, 8 luggers or schooners, and 14 gun-boats.

The divisions of the army under the Earl of Roslyn and Marquis of Huntley landed on South Beveland on the 9th.—I am concerned to add, that the enemy has cut the dyke to the right of the town, and the island is likely to be inundated. I have ordered Rear-Admiral Otway to send the Monmouth and Agincourt to England for water, as soon as they can be got down from Zierickzee; and earnestly entreat that other means may be adopted for supplying the army and navy from England, as I apprehend all the water in this island will be spoiled by the inundation, and that there is not more in the other islands than is necessary for the subsistence of the inhabitants. In consequence of the protracted siege of Flushing, and the necessity for the flotilla going up the Scheld, I have ordered guns from the ships of war to fit 20 transports as gun-ships, and with the launches of the ships under Rear-Admiral Otway, to form a flotilla for the lower part of the Scheld, which I trust their Lordships will approve.

R. J. STRACHAN.

Kangaroo, in the West Scheld, Aug. 12.

SIR,—Having directed ten frigates to proceed up the West Scheld, under the orders of Lord Wm. Stuart, Capt. of the Lavinia, the moment the wind was favourable, that zealous officer availed himself of a light air from the westward on the afternoon of the 11th inst. notwithstanding the tide was against his proceeding, and passed the batteries between Flushing and Cadsand; the ships were under the enemy's fire nearly two hours. The gallant and seamanlike manner in which this squadron was conducted, and their

steady and well-directed fire, excited in my breast the warmest sensations of admiration. The army witnessed their exertions with applause, and I am certain their Lordships will duly appreciate the services of Lord W. Stuart, the captains, officers, seamen, and marines, on this occasion.

No very material accident happened, except by a shell striking L'Aigle, and which fell through her decks into the bread-room, where it exploded; one man was killed, and four others wounded: her stern frame is much shattered. Lord W. Stuart's modest letter accompanies this dispatch, together with a return of the killed and wounded, and the damages sustained by his Majesty's ships, in forcing the entrance of this river.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. J. STRACHAN.

[Here follows Lord Wm. Stuart's letter, with a report of the loss sustained on the above occasion, amounting to 2 killed and 9 wounded.]

Fort Bathz, August 12.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you, that in pursuance of your directions, I arrived at Bathz yesterday, and, in order to render, if practicable, an attack on the enemy's fleet more complete, I ordered 30 flat boats, armed with carronades, and some other boats from the ships under my orders, to rendezvous at this place, and meet the flotilla under Sir H. Popham; but before the arrival of either, six of the enemy's gun-boats having grounded on a bank within reach of the artillery of the fort, after sustaining some injury by it, were abandoned; five of which were destroyed, and the other brought in.—The arrival of Sir Home Popham and my boats from the East Scheld took place nearly at the same time, but the enemy's flotilla moved up to Lillo with the same tide that brought ours to Bathz, one of which was handsomely burned by the advanced gun-boats almost amongst them.—As the navigation of the West Scheld is now open as far as it can possibly be cleared by the navy, and a flotilla force of upwards of 50 sail in the East Scheld demand attention, and I can at any time return in a few hours to this place, it is my intention to repair this morning to the Superb, where I have ordered the boats of my division. Sir H. Popham is examining the channels. Although we are now masters of the navigation of Lillo, it may be proper to observe, that it is in the enemy's power, by sending a superior naval force to deprive us of it, as far as Bathz (before some larger ships ascend), whenever he pleased.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. G. KEATS.

Rear-Adm. Sir R. Strachan, K.B. &c.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,

DOWNING-STREET, *Aug.* 19.

Further dispatches from Lieut. General the Earl of Chatham, K.G.

Head Quarters, Middleburgh, Aug. 16.

MY LORD,—I have the honour of acquainting your Lordship, that on the 13th instant, the batteries before Flushing being completed (and the frigates, bombs, and gun-vessels, having at the same time taken their stations) a fire was opened at about half past one P.M. from 52 pieces of heavy ordnance, which was vigorously returned by the enemy. An additional battery of six 24-pounders was completed the same night, and the whole continued to play upon the town, with little or no intermission, till late on the following day.

On the morning of the 14th instant, about ten o'clock, the line-of-battle ships at anchor in the Durloo passage, led by Rear-Admiral Sir R. Strachan, got under weigh, and, ranging up along the sea line of defence, kept up as they passed a most tremendous cannonade on the town for several hours, with the greatest gallantry and effect. About four in the afternoon, perceiving that the fire of the enemy had entirely ceased, and the town presenting a most awful scene of destruction, being on fire in almost every quarter, I directed Lieut. General Sir Eyre Coote to send in to summon the place. General Monnet returned for answer, that he would reply to the summons as soon as he had consulted a council of war; an hour had been allowed him for the purpose, but a considerable time beyond it having elapsed, without any answer being received, hostilities were ordered to recommence with the utmost vigour, and about eleven o'clock at night one of the enemy's batteries, advanced upon the Sea Dyke, in front of Lieut. General Fraser's position,

was most gallantly carried at the point of the bayonet by detachments from the 36th, 71st, and light battalions of the King's German Legion, under Lieut. Colonel Pack, opposed to great superiority of numbers: they took 40 prisoners, and killed and wounded a great many of the enemy.—I must not omit to mention, that on the preceding evening an intrenchment in front of Major-Gen. Graham's position was also forced, in a manner equally undaunted by the 14th regiment and detachments of the King's German Legion, under Lieut. Colonel Nicholls, who drove the enemy from it, and made a lodgement within musket-shot of the walls of the town, taking one gun and 30 prisoners. About two in the morning, the enemy demanded a suspension of arms for 48 hours, which was refused, and only two hours granted, when he agreed to surrender according to the summons sent in, on the basis of the garrison becoming prisoners of war.

I have now the satisfaction of acquainting your Lordship, that these preliminaries being acceded to, as soon as the Admiral landed in the morning, Colonel Long, Adj. General, and Capt. Cockburn of the Royal Navy, were appointed to negociate the further articles of capitulation, which I have now the honour to enclose.—They were ratified about three this morning, when detachments of the Royals on the right, and of his Majesty's 71st regiment on the left, took possession of the gates of the town. The garrison will march out to-morrow, and will be embarked as speedily as possible.

I may now congratulate your Lordship on the fall of a place so indispensably necessary to our future operations, as so large a proportion of our force being required to carry on the siege with that degree of vigour and dispatch which the means of defence the enemy possessed, and particularly his powers of inundation (which was rapidly spreading to an alarming extent) rendered absolutely necessary.—Having hoped, had circumstances permitted, to have proceeded up the river at an earlier period, I had committed to Lieut. Gen. Sir Eyre Coote the direction of the details of the siege, and of the operations before Flushing, and I cannot sufficiently express my sense of the unremitting zeal and exertion with which he has conducted the arduous service entrusted to him, in which he was ably assisted by Lieut. Colonels Walsh and Offerey, attached to him as assistants in the Adjutant and Quarter-Master-Generals department.

I have every reason to be satisfied with the judicious manner in which the General Officers have directed the several operations, as well as with the spirit and intelligence manifested by the commanding officers of corps, and the zeal and ardour of all ranks of officers. It is with great pleasure I can report the uniform good conduct of the troops, who have not only on all occasions shewn the greatest intrepidity in presence of the enemy, but have sustained, with great pleasure and cheerfulness, the laborious duties they have had to perform.

The active and persevering exertions of the corps of Royal Engineers have been conducted with much skill and judgment by Col. Fyers, aided by Lieut. Colonel D'Arcey, and it is impossible for me to do sufficient justice to the distinguished conduct of the officers and men of the Royal Artillery, under the able direction and animating example of Brigadier-Gen. M'Leod.

The seamen, whose labours had already been so useful to the army, sought their reward in a further opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and one of the batteries was accordingly entrusted to them, and which they served with admirable vigour and effect.—I must here beg to express my strong sense of the constant and cordial co-operation of the navy on all occasions, and my warmest acknowledgements are most particularly due to Capt. Cockburn, of the Belleisle, commanding the flotilla; and to Capt. Richardson, of the Cæsar, commanding the brigade of seamen landed with the army.—I have the honour to enclose a return of the garrison of Flushing, in addition to which I have learned that besides the number killed, which was considerable, upwards of 1000 wounded men were transported to Cadsand, previous to the complete investment of the town.—I also subjoin a statement of deserters and prisoners, exclusive of the garrison of Flushing.

This dispatch will be delivered to

your Lordship by my first Aid-de-Camp, Major Bradford, who is fully qualified to give your Lordship every further information, and whom I beg leave earnestly to recommend to his Majesty's protection.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) CHATHAM.

[By the Articles of Capitulation, the whole of the garrison are to be prisoners of war, and sent to England as such; among whom is included every person not being an inhabitant of Flushing previously to 1807.]

Amount of the garrison which surrendered at Flushing.—16 Staff Officers, 101 Officers, 3778 Non-commissioned officers & soldiers, 489 sick and wounded.—Total 4379.

[By a subsequent dispatch from the Earl of Chatham this statement is corrected: it is there said to amount to 200 Officers, 4985 rank and file, 618 sick and wounded. Total 5803.]

Return of Prisoners and Deserters taken, up to August 15.—1 Colonel, 1 Lieut. Col. 15 Captains, 27 Lieutenants, 1 Staff, 58 serjeants, 13 drummers, 1700 privates.

Total Return of killed, wounded, and missing before Flushing.—3 Officers, 1 serjeant, 1 drummer, 26 rank and file killed; 15 Officers, 5 serjeants, 2 drummers, 89 rank and file wounded; 1 rank and file missing.

The documents which follow are the dispatches from Rear-Admiral Sir R. Strachan, detailing the operations of the naval force against Flushing.—"The division of frigates (says the Admiral) under Lord W. Stuart, and the greater part of our flotilla, had advanced to Bathz, in the charge of Sir Home Popham, by whom the enemy were driven above Lillo, where their ships and gun-brigs had taken up a strong position."

Sir R. Keats, in a letter to Admiral Strachan, says, "I am at present with 18 sloops and gun-brigs and four divisions of gun-boats, lying between the Saeftingen Shoal, a position judiciously chosen by Sir H. Popham, as it effectually cuts off the communication between the East and West Scheld. The enemy's flotilla, considerably increased in number, has retired above or under the protection of Lillo, and the men of war with topgallant yards crossed, are anchored off and below Antwerp, as far down as Phillippe. Six of our frigates are off Wearden, waiting an opportunity to come up."

A letter from Capt. Cockburn, of the Belleisle, dated August 15, gives an account of his co-operation, in the Plover sloop, with the flotilla under his command, in the attack upon Flushing, with a statement of his loss, amounting to 7 killed and 22 wounded.—A letter from Capt. Richardson, of the Cæsar, who commanded the brigade of seamen, contains an account of his subsequent proceeding in the attack on Flushing, &c. The total loss sustained by the naval force employed amounts to 9 killed and 47 wounded.—A letter from Rear-Admiral Sir R. Strachan, dated off Flushing, Aug. 17, transmits one from Sir R. G. Keats, stating the surrender of the towns of Zeirik Zee and Browershaven, with the whole of the Islands of Schowen and Duiveland, by capitulation.

The article next following is a dispatch from Lord Chatham, dated Middleburg, August 11, and is published as a Supplement to the above Gazette: it relates only to operations a week previous to the surrender of Flushing, and contains no additional information.

SUPPLEMENT *to the* LONDON GAZETTE, *Tuesday, July* 11.

An Account of the Battles fought near Aspern, on the Marchfield, on the 21st and 22d of May, 1809.

[Continued from p. 76.]

BATTLE OF THE 21st OF MAY.

First Column.

The advanced guard under General Nordman, consisting of two battalions of Gyulay and Lichtenstein Hussars, had formed near the destroyed bridge of Tabor, and leaving the villages of Kahan and Hirschstetten to the left, and Stadlau to the right, marched in the plain towards Aspern.

It was followed by the column, which having left the high road before the post office at Stammersdorf, had marched from the right by half divisions. Its right flank along the Danube was covered by a battalion of St. Georgians, by the first battalion of Vienna volunteers, and by a battalion of militia, under the command of Major Count Colloredo.

Within a cannon-shot of Stadelau the outposts met the enemy's picquets,

which gradually retreated to their original divisions.

At this time General Nordman ordered two battalions of Gyulay to draw up *en echellon*, in order to favour the advance of the column. The enemy, drawn up in large divisions, stood immediately before Aspern, having, to cover his front, occupied all the ditches of the fields, which afforded excellent breast-works. His right was covered by a battery, and his left by a broad and deep ditch, (one of those that carry off the waters of the Danube when it overflows) as well as by a bushy ground, which was likewise occupied by several bodies in close order.

Though the enemy had the advantage of position all to himself, inasmuch as the freshes of the Danube were only passable by means of a small bridge, at which he kept up a vigorous fire from behind the ditches both with cannon and small arms, it did not prevent the second battalion of Gyulay, immediately after the first had penetrated as far as the bushy meadows, to pass the bridge in a column, to form without delay, and with charged bayonets to attack the enemy, who precipitately retreated to Aspern, on which occasion that village, after a vigorous but not very obstinate resistance, was taken for the first time. It was, however, not long before the enemy had it in his power, by the arrival of a fresh reinforcement, to expel again the battalions of Gyulay. By this time some battalions of the column had arrived, the Chasseurs of Major Schneider, of the second column, joined the advanced guard of the first; Gyulay formed again, and the enemy was a second time pushed to the lower end of the village, though he succeeded again in regaining what he lost.

Both parties were aware of the necessity of maintaining themselves in Aspern at any rate, which produced successively the most obstinate efforts both of attack and defence; the parties engaged each other in every street, in every house, and in every barn; carts, ploughs, and harrows were obliged to be removed during an uninterrupted fire, in order to get at the enemy; every individual wall was an impediment of the assailants, and a rampart of the attacked; the steeple, lofty trees, the garrets, and the cellars were to be conquered before either of the parties could style itself master of the place, and yet the possession wsa ever of short duration; for no sooner had we taken a street or a house, than the enemy gained another, forcing us to abandon the former. So this murderous conflict lasted for several hours; the German battalions were supported by Hungarians, who were again assisted by the Vienna volunteers, each rivalling the other in courage and perseverance. At the same time the second column combined its attacks with those of the first, having to overcome the same resistance, by reason of the enemy's constantly leading fresh reinforcements into fire. At length General Vacquant of the second column succeeded in becoming master of the upper part of the village, and maintaining himself there during the whole of the night.

By the shells of both parties many houses had been set on fire, and illuminated the whole country around.

At the extremity of the right wing on the bushy meadow the combats were not less severe. The left flank of the enemy was secured by an arm of the Danube; impenetrable underwood, intersected only by foot-paths, covered his front; and a broad ditch and pallisadoes afforded him the advantage of a natural rampart.

Here fought at the beginning of the battle the first battalion of Gyulay under Colonel Mariassy; then the battalion of Chasseurs under Major Schneider; next the St. Georgians under Major Mihaillovich; and finally, the two battalions of Vienna volunteers under Lieut.-Col. Steigentesch and St. Quentin. Here, also, the enemy was defeated; and the first day of this sanguinary engagement terminated by the occupation of Aspern by Gen. Vacquant, at the head of eight battalions of the second column, while Lieut. Field Marshal Hiller drew the troops of his corps from the village, placed them again in order of battle, and passed the night under arms.

(To be continued.)

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

DORSETSHIRE.

A CAUSE of great importance came on to be heard at the late Dorchester assizes, wherein Mr. Wm. Sherring, the President of a Benefit Society at Sherborne, was Plaintiff, and T. Pursey, alias Persey (the elder), was Defendant: the action was brought to recover from the Defendant three years pay, at 4s. per week, which he had fraudulently received from the Society 21 years since, by producing a copy of the register of his baptism. The learned Judge directed the Jury to return a verdict for the Plaintiff, which they did with damages, 34l.

HAMPSHIRE.

The late laudable endeavours of Mr. W. Cobbett, to lessen the astonishing number of *parish poor*, have been generally so well received, that we are induced to republish what he has stated in consequence of the late action brought against him at Winchester, by William Burgess.

"No labourer of mine," says Mr. C. "has, indeed, the advantage of being able to swear himself a Pauper; no man who labours for me, no man whose sweat drops upon my land, however large his family, stands in need of any thing but what I give him in the shape, not of alms, but of pay; but William Burgess, a labourer of this Mr. Goodlad, one of those who advised the action, could, with only one child, and he an able young man, swear himself a Pauper!—I do not pretend, that it is from a regard for my labourers that I give such great wages; for I am convinced that it is my interest to do it; one of my labourers is worth two or three half-famished creatures. But my great motive is, the lessening of the number of Paupers; the setting an example in this way, that may tend to raise part, at least, of the labouring people from that state of slavery, commonly called Pauperism. No man that is in health, that has the use of his limbs, and is, in all respects, able to labour, ought to be reduced to the necessity of begging; and what is it but begging, to go weekly for parish relief! This is the most shocking thing that ever existed in any country on the face of the earth! That one half, or more, of the labourers of a country should be Paupers, is really something too disgraceful to think of. I have always thought this, and now that I have it in my power to put my principles in practice, I do it as far as I possibly can. A constant state of Pauperism would debase the best nature man ever possessed. A labourer in this state is always studying deceit, he is afraid of nothing so much as of appearing prosperous, healthy, or happy; he contracts a plaintive language and manner; the worst side he always puts outwards; his children are studiously clad in rags and covered with filth; his wife is always "poorly!" and, in short, a few years rob him of every particle of spirit and sincerity. He, like slaves every where else (for to have nothing is to be a slave), has no regard for country, or for any thing attached to country; and all his hopes and all his wishes centre in the quantity of food to be extracted from the overseer. Is it not shocking to reflect upon the natural, the inevitable, consequences of rearing families in this way? I never should have a moment's peace, if a labourer of mine was thus rearing up a brood of hypocrites. A family, thus reared, not only is likely to be, but is sure to be, a nest of thieves and impostors. Nor is the 'comforting system' much better, the cow-system, the child-bed linen system, the church-going system, and the industry system, all which, like the schools of Mrs. Hannah More, do more harm than good. In fact, all the largesses that well-meaning people bestow, in any of these ways, are so many premiums for hypocrisy, which, amongst the poor in particular, is the worst of all vices.—A good labourer may be in distress. Give him something then at once, and say no more about it. Let him do with it what he pleases. Make no bargains with him about his morality; for, if you do, you make him an hypocrite. It is quite delightful to see this village of Botley, when compared to most others that I know. They seem to be quite a different race of people. They are what some people call saucy, but they are not hypocrites. They are, in short, what Englishmen ought to be; they shew

their humours when they like; they give their labour for your money, and think there is no obligation on either side.—Beautiful as is this part of the country, and this village in particular, there is nothing in either that pleases me like the spirit of the people, who are a race of men quite different from those, who, in the school of Pauperism, have learnt all the arts of cringing and dissimulation.—The way in which we proceed here is really worth being made public. Take the following notice:—We had two families, one of which contained nine childen, and the other seven; the whole of whom drawn up in rank entire, and set off to the best advantage, that is to say, half hung over with rags, the rest of the body being naked, were arrayed against us before a Bench of the Magistrates.—We were satisfied, that, owing to particular circumstances, they had quite a sufficient income; but, as we could not prove it upon oath, the Magistrates were about to order them relief, when I offered to pay them weekly all that they said they earned, and, besides that, as much as they received from the parish, rather than suffer them to continue Paupers.—They declined my offer; got no relief, and have not only done without relief since, but have gradually assumed a more decent and prosperous appearance; and for this very obvious reason, that they have no longer an interest in being thought miserable. Here were, at once, 16 children raised from a state of Pauperism; that is to say, from all sorts of vice, but particularly of that worst vice, hypocrisy.—I have mentioned this, in the hope some few persons, at least, who have the power, will try the experiment; will endeavour to lessen this terrible evil of Pauperism. The fact is, that, as matters now stand, the Paupers are partners in no inconsiderable part of the property of every farmer; and, gentlemen, I beg you to observe, that this part of your property is not left to yourselves to distribute, but is taken out of your hands at the will of the next Bench of Magistrates, a great part of whose sway consists in the disposing of that part of your property called poor rates; and thus this disgraceful evil of Pauperism does, in some degree, produce your subjection also, of which it is impossible to get rid by any other means than these, of which I have been speaking. The power to dispose of this money is frequently, and indeed almost always in this country, in the hands of those who pay little or no part of it. This is of itself a very galling consideration; but, as I said before, there is at present, no way of getting rid of, or lessening the evil, without reducing, by some means or other, the number of Paupers."

NORFOLK.

The Carrow Bridge Commissioners have contracted with Mr. J. G. Aggs, for casting the iron work for the arch, with Messrs. Athow and De Carle for providing the stone work, and with Mr. N. Wyeth for the brick work for the abutments.

Died.] At Upwell, James Lee, Esq. aged 78 years, possessed of very considerable property. He was an excellent landlord, letting his estates at easy rents, and though not in the habit of granting leases, it was an invariable rule with him to continue his tenants, they punctually paying their rents and managing their farms in an husbandlike manner; and by dividing his large property into small farms he was the means of accommodating many of his neighbours to their considerable advantage. He was also in the habit, for the last 50 years of his life, of annually lending considerable sums of money on mortgage, and notwithstanding he was frequently accustomed to make purchases, still from his large income he was enabled to complete them without calling in his monies, which he was never known to do so long as the interest was punctually paid. Indeed, there are monies now out which he advanced 50 years ago. There are but few people in his sphere of life who have been able or willing thus to accommodate. He was always remarkable for easy access and pleasantry on business.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Newcastle Papers of Aug. 10, state as follows:—"During the last week we have been visited with thunder and lightning, and a vast quantity of rain. On Friday the rain fell in a

torrent for several hours, and the morning of Saturday presented a distressing scene in the lower parts of the town. Some of the houses were inundated to the depth of four feet. A boy, named Innes, had a wonderful escape; he was swept away by the current, and carried 330 yards towards the river. In the passage is a waterfall of five yards, directly under part of the town walls, over which the child was impetuously forced. A man working in a raff-yard, arrived just in time to rescue him from a watery grave. If any thing might be said to cause amusement in the midst of so much distress, it was the escape of some ladies and their paramours from a house of ill fame in Pandon. The water having deprived them of their clothes, they were forced to issue from their dwelling, breast high, and almost in a state of nudity, to the no small gratification of a number of spectators. In the afternoon of the same day, a man who had been at the fair, and four horses, were struck dead by the lightning at the Cowgate, and a boy and two horses scorched, but have since recovered. A miller, near Busy Cottage, was drowned in crossing the burn.

"At Tutehill, in the parish of Arlecton, near Whitehaven, the lightning struck the ground (about 140 yards from the dwelling-house and outbuildings of Mr. John Littledale), which it ploughed up for the length of twelve yards, and, in its progress, removed a stone of the weight of 168 pounds, to a distance of four yards, and killed two sheep."

Died.] July 24th, at North Shields, aged 16 years, deeply lamented by all her friends, Miss Mary Roddam, daughter of Mrs. Roddam, bookseller.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

The great cause respecting the legality of the mode of electing an Alderman of Nottingham, for the sake of more impartial justice, was tried at the assizes of the neighbouring county, Leicester, under the form of a *quo warranto*, calling upon the defendant, John Ashwell, Esq. to shew by what authority he exercised the office of an Alderman; when, after a trial of eleven hours, the bye-law made in 1577, delegating the power of such election from the burgesses at large to the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, Common Council, and such burgesses as had served the office of Chamberlain or Sheriff, and called the Livery or Cloathing burgesses, being proved to be the constant usage from the above date, a verdict was given in favour of the defendant and the Corporation, whereby the popular election contended for was completely set aside. — The cause was most ably conducted by G. Coldham, Esq. town-clerk.

SHROPSHIRE.

THE ARTS.—We hear, that the celebrated Mr. Devis has considerably advanced in a picture which will include portraits of several of the nobility, who by their property or by consanguinity, are connected with this county.—The subject is taken from English history, and is treated in a very masterly manner. Langton, archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of King John, is represented at a meeting of the barons, submitting to them a charter of Henry I: and exhorting them to support the liberties of the people against the encroachments of the crown. The meeting took place at St. Edmondsbury, and the artist has given a solemn and impressive representation of the scene of action. The ancestors of several of our present race of nobility attended on this august and interesting occasion, and the artist has introduced portraits of their present representatives, upon the reasonable presumption that they may bear a family likeness. This circumstance will give a peculiar interest to the picture, besides that high concern which Englishmen will always feel in events that relate to their inalienable rights. Several noblemen have sat to the artist for this purpose, among whom are the *Duke of Rutland*, the *Marquis of Huntley*, the *Marquis of Stafford*, the *Earls Darlington* and *Moira*, *Lord Erskine*: and all the other descendants of the distinguished characters who were present, will of course readily join in so honourable a commemoration. The Gothic cathedral in which the scene took place, and the whole of the *costume*, in dress, arms, decorations, &c. are to be exhibited with the most exact fidelity; and the picture, when finished, will do honour to the British

school.—The artist has nearly finished a fine whole length of *Earl Darlington*, in his robes as a peer.

DEATH ABROAD.

Major-Gen. John Ronald M'Kenzie, who so gloriously fell in the battle of Talavera, was the representative of a very ancient family, whose patrimonial estate (not large) lies in that part of the county of Ross, called the Black Isle. He fell in or about his 47th year. He began his military career, in the marines, under the immediate eye of his uncle, General M'Kenzie, of that most honourable corps, and for some time previous to 1794, did the duty of adjutant to the Chatham division.

Upon the death of his uncle, by which he succeeded to some personal fortune, he relinquished the marines, perhaps from an ambition to get forward in his profession more rapidly than that service admits of.

In the spring of 1794, he became Major of the 2d battalion of the 78th foot, or Ross shire Buffs, raised by the present Lord Seaforth. In the latter end of that year, or early in 1795, both battalions of the 78th were consolidated; by which measure this gallant officer became attached to the 1st battalion, and, with the officers and men from the 2d, joined the 1st battalion at the Cape, from whence they proceeded to India, 1,200 strong, where the regiment served with distinction under the present Lieut.-Gen. (then Colonel M'Kenzie Fraser). With this corps the gallant Major-General served many years in India, and latterly commanded the regiment. He returned to Europe in 1801-2, sincerely regretted by his regiment and all who knew him; and if his service in the east was not marked by any brilliant professional event, it was because the situation of that country, during his stay in it, did not call for any active exertion.

Promoted to the rank of Colonel soon after he came home, on the breaking out of the present war, in 1803, he was placed on the northern staff as a Brigadier. He was afterwards made Governor and Commandant of Alderney, and soon after replaced on the northern staff as Major General, from which situation he was, on his own solicitation, removed to the command of a brigade in Portugal in 1808.

He was in Parliament four years; first for the Sutherland district of boroughs, and latterly for the shire of Sutherland, in the room of Mr. Wm. Dundas.

In 1804, he superintended the Levy, and in 1805, the discipline of that gallant but ill-fated *second* 2d battalion of the 78th.

He might be said to be more a *solid* than a shining character, both in public and in private life. He was a zealous, steady, cool soldier—a mild and most friendly man. The service loses in him a most excellent officer—his friends, an estimable and amiable man. The 78th adored him, and will long lament him.

His estate, called Suddie, devolves to an only sister, married to a Capt. Potts, of the 42d regiment, by whom she has a large family.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

JULY 28, to AUGUST 22, 1809, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]—*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

AFFLECK J. Kennington Cross, plumber, (Turner, Edward-street). Allsop J. Winchester, silk-weaver, (Kernot, Thavie's-Inn). Andrus F. Brighthelmston, victualler, (Barber, Chancery-lane). Anderson J. Cannon-street, merchant, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry).

Blackburn W. Aldersgate-street, watch-spring maker, (Bond, East India Chambers). Benwell T. Newman-street, coachmaker, (Smart and Co. Staple-Inn).—Browne E. Bradford, clothier, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Baker G. City Road, coachmaker, (Hudson, Winkworth-buildings). Bury R. C. Salford, merchant. (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Beck S. Bury-str, jeweller, (Collins and Co Spital-square).

Clarkson H. Liverpool, porter-dealer. (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry), Cooper R. Paradise-street, plasterer, (Upstone, Charles-street). Coward H. Leather-lane, warehouseman, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Cozins W. Buckingham, cabinet-maker, (Sandys and Co. Crane-

court). Collins W. Bristol, innkeeper, (Nethersole and Co. Essex-street). Chorley J. Beer-lane, merchant, (Walker, Old Jewry). Curtis W. Hosier-lane, salesman, (Lee, Castle-street). Collard H. R. George-street, coal-merchant, (Bacon, Southampton-street).

Dumelow J. Hinckley, grocer, (Chapman, St. Mildred's-court). Dean J. Langley, corn-dealer, (Windle, John-street).

Eldin G. Aldgate, jeweller, (M'Michael, Finch-lane). Elsden J. Newmarket, carpenter, (Cooper, Cambridge).

Foxall W. Edmonton, coach-master, (Phillipson and Co. Staple's-Inn). Forrester J. Lane-end, Stoke-upon-Trent, manufacturer of earthenware, (Walthall and Co. Newcastle-under-Lyne). Fisher J. Briesfield, York, clothier, (Stott, Furnival's-Inn).

Gough J. Exeter, dealer, (Williams and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Gledstanes G. Salisbury-street, wine-merchant, (Hackett, Chancery-lane). Gill J. C. Smallburgh, grocer, (Windus and Co. Chancery-lane).

Horrocks J. Bolton, hawker, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Hudson W. Stapleton, malster, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Howard T. Dean-street, Canterbury-square, comfactor, (Ellis, James-street). Humphrey J. Wardour-street, boot and shoemaker, (Mills, Vine-street). Hood E. Eastbourne, coal-merchant, (Langridge and Co. Lewes). Holmes W. Rushall, Stafford, maltster, (Hunt, Surrey-street). Haywood J. Gloucester, haberdasher, (Rawlinson, Old South Sea House). Horsley R. Elder-street, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Hall W. W. Hackney-road, bookseller, (Rutson, Wellclose-square).

Joyce R. Lamb's Conduit-street, tailor, (Williams, Staple-Inn). Jamieson R. Brown W. and Main J. Castle-court, Budge-row, merchants, (Setree, St Mary-Axe). Jones J. Owen J. and Abbott H. Bucklersbury, merchants, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street). Jones R. D. Cheltenham, linen draper, (Bennet, Dean's-court, Doctor's Commons). Jameson S. Reading, dealer and chapman, (Eyre and Co. Gray's-Inn). Jones R. East India Chambers, merchant, (Turner, Edward-street).

Lolley M. W. Liverpool, rectifier, (Avison, Liverpool) Levick C. High street, Shadwell, straw-hat manufacturer, (Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings).

Murray T. Paternoster-row, Spital-fields, shoe-manufacturer, (White, Old Square, Lincoln's-Inn). Mitchell J. New Sleaford, grocer, (Wilson, Greville-street). Maddock E. and Delamore W. Liverpool, corn-dealers, (Windle, John-street, Bedford-row).

Norman J. Strood, iron-monger, (Aubrey, Took's court).

Pocklington R. Winthorpe, and Dickinson W. Newark-upon-Trent, bankers, (Pearce and Son, St. Swithin's-lane).—Packer G. Northleach, corn-dealer, (Meredith and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Powell E. Birmingham, japanner, (Kinderley and Co. Holborn-court).

Ridings P. Manchester, fustian-dealer, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's-Inn). Roberts J. Nottingham, hosier, (Macdougall and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Ratcliffe W. Exeter, baker, (Williams and Co. Prince's-street).

Simmons B. Newcastle-street, shoe-maker, (Jennings and Co. Carey-street). Sharpe C. Great Yarmouth, merchant, (Anstice, Temple). Stuart C. Paradise-street, apothecary, (Seward, Prince's-street, Rotherhithe). Shaw J. Wapping-Wall, provision-merchant, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street).

Teague T. Coalpit Bank, Wombridge, huckster, (Benbow and Co. Stone Buildings). Trevor J. Gainsborough, money-scrivenor, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-st.). Towers J. Walsall, Stafford, whip-thong manufacturer, (Turner and Co. Bloomsbury-square).

Unwin S. Disley, shopkeeper, (Ellis, Chancery-lane).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

Aug. 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 120*l.* per cent.
West-India ditto, 180*l.* ditto.
East-India ditto, 130*l.* ditto.
Commercial ditto, 175*l.* ditto.
East Country ditto, 90*l.* per share
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 187*l.* ditto
Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l.* ditto.
Grand Union ditto. 20*s.* per share prem.
Thames and Medway ditto, 19*l.* ditto
Kennett and Avon ditto, 38*l.* per share
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 120*l.* ditto.
Albion ditto, 58*l.* per share.
Imperial Fire Assurance, 60*l.* ditto
Kent ditto, 48*l.* ditto.
Rock Life Assurance, 4*s.* to 5*s.* per share prem.
Commercial Road Stock, 120*l.* per cent.
London Institution, 84*l.* per share
Surrey ditto, par
South London Water Works, 135*l* pr. share
East London ditto, 190*l.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 12*l.* per share prem.
Kent Water-Works, 25*l.* ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THOUGH the wheat crops had been considerably improved since our last report, the late rains have beaten them down in many places; and if, in general, the crops of corn appear good, in some places blight and mildew have made their appearance: but as the wheat was far advanced in maturity previously to these blights, the produce is not likely to be much deteriorated. In Sussex, the barley on the downs is likely to produce a good crop; and the oats, especially on the light lands, in general, are expected to produce a fair average crop. Dry weather only is wanted to get in the different kinds of grain, and therefore it is hoped that Dr. Herschell's philosophical prediction of a long continuance of wet may prove erroneous. Pease are very backward, and rather deficient. Turnips are generally promising, but the slugs and the fly have been rather active among the latter sown ones. Potatoes promise pretty well in most counties. The hops in Kent and Sussex have greatly improved within the last fortnight; and the wheat crops for the most part fall heavy upon the sickle: still the weather is rather unfavourable; but in most of the western counties, the corn never bore a more healthy appearance nor a fuller ear.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s. to 5s.;—Mutton, 5s. 4d. to 5s. 4d.;—Veal, 3s. to 5s.;—Pork, 5s. 4d. to 6s.

Middlesex, Aug. 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Aug. 19, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Middsx.	102	7	——		41	8	35	4
Surrey	102	8	48	0	44	0	39	4
Hertford	90	5	49	0	40	6	35	10
Bedford	90	8	60	8	45	4	37	0
Huntin.	89	0	——		42	0	33	4
Northa.	89	0	——		45	8	33	6
Rutland	96	5	——		50	9	36	0
Leicest	91	10	——		49	5	32	10
Notting	95	2	63	0	46	6	34	2
Derby	99	0	——		——		38	10
Stafford	103	10	——		52	2	36	1
Salop	97	6	71	10	52	8	34	10
Herefor	92	2	49	6	41	7	37	3
Wor'st.	96	5	——		48	11	40	8
Warwic	101	2	——		55	0	40	6
Wilts	89	2	——		40	6	36	10
Berks	100	0	——		41	0	36	6
Oxford	96	7	——		42	8	36	0
Bucks	94	8	——		48	0	37	3
Brecon	99	8	——		51	2	28	8
Montgo	96	9	——		——		30	8
Radnor	90	3	——		42	7	31	7

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats.	
	s.	d	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Essex	91	3	48	6	42	0	37	0
Kent	87	6	58	0	40	0	35	6
Sus-ex	90	8	——		——		36	0
Suffolk	80	4	——		38	4	31	9
Cambridge	89	5	——		——		23	0
Norfolk	83	2	70	0	36	8	——	
Lincoln	92	2	——		48	10	28	1
York	87	2	58	5	35	0	29	0
Durham	102	4	——		——		37	9
Northumberland	93	11	65	5	48	0	36	5
Cumberland	102	8	66	0	49	7	34	2
Westmorland	114	9	80	0	54	4	36	6
Lancaster	100	7	——		47	8	30	1
Chester	96	4	——		——		33	0
Flint	92	8	——		62	10	——	
Denbigh	104	11	——		62	8	32	0
Anglesea	——		——		42	0	18	0
Carnarvon	95	4	——		48	0	25	4
Merioneth	95	0	——		55	6	29	0
Cardigan	84	8	——		40	0	18	8
Pembroke	69	8	——		44	7	16	0
Carmarthen	92	0	——		56	2	20	0
Glamorgan	93	0	——		57	4	28	0
Gloucester	96	8	——		45	8	——	
Somerset	96	10	——		36	0	21	4
Monmouth	100	10	——		——		——	
Devon	89	2	——		39	0	27	5
Cornwall	92	10	——		41	10	27	1
Dorset	94	5	——		40	0	32	0
Hants	95	4	——		37	0	35	6

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 94s. 3d.; Rye 60s. 7d.; Barley 46s. 0d.; Oats 32s. 1d.; Beans 58s. 10d.; Pease 56s. 4d.; Oatmeal 51s. 4d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from JULY 25, to AUG. 22, 1809.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
Males 804	1548		Males 544	1061	
Females 744			Females 517		
Whereof have died under two years old 321					

Between	2 and 5 - 131	60 and 70 - 58	
	5 and 10 - 60	70 and 80 - 53	
	10 and 20 - 44	80 and 90 - 16	
	20 and 30 - 75	90 and 100 - 5	
	30 and 40 - 99		
	40 and 50 - 110		
	50 and 60 - 89		

Peck Loaf, 4s. 7d. 4s. 10d. 4s. 11d. 4s. 11d.

Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from JULY 26, 1809, to AUGUST 25, 1809, both inclusive.

Days 1809	Bank Stock.	3 p Cent. Consols.	3 p Cent. Reduc.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	N. 5 p.Ct	Long Anns.	Omnium.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C.	Irish Ann.	S. Sea Stock.	S Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets	Cons. for Acct.
July																			
26	——	68 71⅛	68⅛	84⅜	99	——	18⅜	1 pm.	——	7 7-16ths	——	——	——	——	——	20s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68⅜
27	261	67⅞ ⅜	68⅛	84¼	99	——	18⅜		——	——	——	——	——	——	——	20s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68¼
28	260¾	67⅝ ⅞	68⅛	84¼	99	——	18¾	¾ pm.	——	7 7-16ths	——	——	——	——	——	19s.pm	12s.pm	21 11	68¼
29	——	67⅞ 68	68⅛	84⅜	99	——	18 13-16ths	⅝ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	187½	21s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68¼
31	——	67⅞ 68	68⅛	84⅜	99	——	18¾	1 pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	187	21s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68¼
Aug																			
1	261¼	67⅞ 68⅛	68¾	84⅜	99	——	18 13-16ths	1 pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	186½	22s.pm	14s.pm	21 11	68⅜
2	——	68⅛	68¾	84⅜	99⅛	——	18⅞	1 pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	22s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68⅜
3	261½	68 ⅛	68¾	84⅜	99⅛	——	18⅞	1 pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	22s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68⅜
4	——	68 ⅛	68⅞	84⅜	99	——	18⅞	1 pm.	67½	——	——	——	——	——	186	21s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68⅜
5	——	68⅛ ⅜	68⅜	84⅜	99⅛	——	18 15-16ths	1¼ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	185½	21s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68⅜
7	——	68⅛ ⅜	68⅞	84½	99	——	18 15-16ths	1¼ pm	——	——	98	——	——	——	——	21s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68⅜
8	——	68⅛ ⅜	68⅞	84½	99	——	18 15-16ths	1¼ pm	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	21s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68⅜
9	——	68⅛ ⅜	69	84½	99	——	18 15-16ths	1¼ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	21s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68⅜
10	261¼	68⅛ ⅜	68½	84½	99	——	18⅞		——	——	——	——	——	——	187½	21s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68⅜
11	261½	68⅛ 68	68¾	84¼	99	——	18⅞	1 pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	187½	23s.pm	14s.pm	21 11	68¼
12	holiday																		
14	——	68 ⅞	68¾	84⅛	98⅞	——	18 15-16ths	¾ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	23s.pm	14s pm	21 11	68⅛
15	261¼	68 ⅞	68⅝	84	98⅞	——	18 13-16ths	½ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	188½	23s.pm	13s pm	21 11	68¼
16	——	67⅞ 68	68⅝	84⅛	98⅞	——	18 13-16ths	¾ pm.	——	7 7-16ths	——	——	——	——	——	19s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68⅛
17	262	67⅞ 68	68⅝	84⅛	98⅞	——	18¾	¾ pm.	——	7 7-16ths	——	——	——	——	186¾	19s.pm	12s.pm	21 11	68⅛
18	262	68¼ ⅜	68⅞	84⅜	99	——	18 13-16ths	¾ pm.	——	7 7-16ths	——	——	——	——	186	20s.pm	14s.pm	21 11	68¼
19	262	68¼ ⅜	68⅞	84⅜	99	——	18 13-16ths	1 pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	21s.pm	14s.pm	21 11	68⅜
21	——	68¼ ⅜	69	84½	99	——	18⅞	1 pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	22s.pm	14s.pm	21 17	68⅜
22	262½	68⅜ ⅜	69	84½	99	——	18⅞	1 pm.	——	7 7-16ths	——	——	——	——	187½	22s pm	14s.pm	21 17	68⅜
24	261¼	68¼ ⅜	69	84⅜	99	——	18⅞	¾ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	187	23s.pm	14s.pm	21 17	68⅜
25	holiday																		
	——	68⅛ 68	68⅞	84⅛	99	——	18 13-16ths	¾ pm.	67½	——	——	——	——	——	——	23s.pm	14s pm	21 17	61⅛

N B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

City Freehold Tickets, 8*l.* 12*s.*

FORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 18, Cornhill.